TEN CENTS A COPY

The Testament of Beauty, by Robert Bridges, on page 442

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1929 — NUMBER 18

Illustration from "Twelve Against the Gods."

An Outline of Adventure

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS. By WILLIAM BOLITHO. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY PARSONS

Editor, New York *Herald Tribune*; Author of "The Stream of History"

ONCE aboard the lugger with Mr. Bolitho, it is a jaded traveler who would turn back. There are few enough who can capture a reader for a voyage so easily and utterly. It is not that he steers a straight and sure course. His writing belongs plainly with the days of sail. There is often a wait while the skipper takes a turn on the deck or gives the order to make sail. Often it seems as if he were deliberately tacking out of his course for the fun of looking over a strange island that has nothing to do with the trip. Yet in the end the ship makes a sure landfall and comes smartly to anchor. Final paragraphs are a specialty of Mr. Bolitho's and he does them well.

His own zest for his subject partly accounts for his prompt success with his reader. Qualities of that rare and precious thing, first rate conversation, permeate Mr. Bolitho's style. He starts like any good tale teller who has just recalled a good one and is glad to have your ear. If he runs out of words he improvises them—"vitaminizing" or "outsiderism." Moreover, he is never afraid to digress for a moment when a racy by-thought occurs to him or to drop in a generalization that is much too large for the immediate needs of his paragraph—so that you are frequently wishing you could interrupt him and, instead, can only pocket the thought for later examination when this engrossing talker is done. There are finicky souls who have been known to object to the air of bravado with which he sweeps aside objections. But this is merely to say that his robust personality is never for a moment obscured by print.

Some of these twelve brief biographies are better than others, but there is not a dull one on the list. While the discriminating reader will inevitably skip about, there is ample continuity to give a plot to the whole. His theme is the outlaw and he begins by paying his respects to those modern romantics like

(*Continued on page* 440)

America Psycho-Analyzed

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

SOMEONE should write a book on books on America.* If a competent scholar with critical insight should undertake the task, he would find an extensive literature through which one steady characteristic runs. A magical and fearsome, an attractive and repellant, force has gone out from this continent to cast a spell upon those who write about it, so that with few exceptions, and those purely factual accounts, the critics and describers of America (like Tacitus with his Germans) have put into their books their own fears and loves, ideals and detestations. English authors of the eighteenth century saw the degeneracy of the human animal when removed from English soil, France in her doctrinaire and her romantic periods wrote of the romance of the rights of man here asserted, the British of the nineteenth century projected their distaste for an oncoming democracy, Europe of the twentieth century writes into alleged studies of the United States a fear of the machine age.

Yet it remained for Count Keyserling to present unblushingly what others have written from their subconscious minds. His "America Set Free"** is a "psycho-analysis" of the United States. Its object is not so much to be right as to irritate and "contribute to the creation of a better sort of things." The child is to be spanked, not because it has done wrong, but in expectation of interesting results from the spanking. Count Keyserling has thought about America in the hope that his ideas may set us thinking—a practice in which he admits that he finds us far less assiduous and less skilful than himself.

* * *

I cannot agree with the American readers of the magazine articles in which much of this book first appeared when they say that it is all nonsense. Like Spengler's vast studies, which it resembles and sometimes imitates, "America Set Free" is rich in perceptions and in half and sometimes whole truths which do set one thinking, and with which one must often reluctantly agree. D. H. Lawrence's remarkable "Studies in Classic American Literature" was a similar book. The dark Indian devil which, according to him, brooded in America, really lived in the brain of Mr. Lawrence, but where his preconceptions made him commit two absurdities, they helped him to at least one statement of great penetration.

Keyserling's book is strewn with generalizations made up from an unstable compound of fixed idea and shrewd observation. I list only a handful:

The American has never adjusted himself to his environment. He is a nomad just entering the barbarian stage. He must be "earth-bound" (like Babbitt), before he can go further, and is at present incapable of sharing a world civilization. The negro is the only completely adjusted American. If you wish to know the true nature of the American genius study him.

The American has reverted to the status of an animal. His education, his religion, his desires are all animal. This explains behaviorism, pragmatism, our definition of prosperity, and our technical efficiency.

America is becoming a matriarchy. Mothers are doted upon, fathers are not respected because they do not keep the "distance" from their children which commands respect.

Americans are adult children in their business as well as in their pleasures.

The hope of an American culture lies in a rebirth of the Southern aristocracy.

Ideas and ideals of present-day American life "all of them, without one single exception are expressions not of an advanced but of a primitive state," where "collective man" not the full-grown individual is given expression. The Americans represent the beginning of a new dark ages, leading perhaps to a greater civilization.

"The idea of America today is not only that a high standard of living should be the privilege of all, but that there should be no low work to perform. Now this is contrary to the cosmic order. However much the general standard may be raised, however great the amount of labor of which machines may relieve man—there will always be *all* kinds of work to perform. Even today the current prejudice actually leads to the result that most educated Americans must themselves spend considerable time on household work which in all other parts of the world is done by certain classes only, very few representatives of which are really fit for other duties. Thus, in America today the real, though paradoxical result of the prevalent high standard of living is a lowering of the general standard—only the very richest can enjoy as much leisure as all those men and women, who are not 'professionals' of manual work still do in the Old World. That the Americans do not see that leisure and the possibility of gratifying individual tastes mean much more than 'big money' which cannot buy these privileges, is one of the most interesting cases of

* There have been, of course, partial surveys, such as Allan Nevins's "American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers."

** AMERICA SET FREE. By HERMANN KEYSERLING. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $5.

This Week

"Sherman."
Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY.

"I Thought of Daisy."
Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD.

"Chéri."
Reviewed by THEODORE W. PURDY, JR.

"Borgia."
Reviewed by DONALD DAVIDSON.

The Banquet of the Boudoir.
By F. L. MOTT.

Next Week, or Later

Sea Power: Its Meaning and Use.
By ALEC WILSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prejudice-born blindness I know of. This lowering of the general standard cannot help making for a certain convergence of the general outlook of the American type with that of the European small man who cannot see beyond the humdrum bread-and-butter issue; only think of President Coolidge's proclaimed personal ideal of owning a small shop at a street-corner in a good neighborhood."

Some of these "intuitions" (Count Keyserling says that his book is all intuition) are certainly not nonsense. Others, if not in this list, certainly in his book, are merely absurd. But I am not concerned with discrimination among his chance hits, his misses, and his bull's eyes. I accept this psycho-analysis as an honest commentary, but question the source and origin of this famous intuition which, after a few days ashore, put him in possession of the wealth of ideas which makes this book as expansive as world history; for his one self-criticism is that he stayed on so long in America that his first keen insight may have become blurred! These vast generalizations which make of us an earth-bound race in violent opposition to European culture, and which depict the American as racing back to the animal stage where, like a young animal, he is trained along purely physical lines to respond quickly to the immediate stimuli of living—these conclusions that we are a new type of man that disregards all that culture and aristocracy have done for the world, and begins the march of progress over again from the cultural bottom, so that we will never be truly American until we are unrecognizable in terms of European civilization, even as the Goths were unrecognizable in terms of the civilization of Greece and Rome—where does he get them?

I believe American readers of "America Set Free" will quickly find the answer. Count Keyserling has read two American authors and had one vivid and unsettling experience. On these his intuitions are based. His fertile imagination and his skill in the apparatus of historical deduction and induction supply the rest. Add that this author is a congenital aristocrat and you have the whole story.

He has read Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt." From "Babbitt" comes his preconception of the Middle West, of the earth-bound American, of the mechanized American life, of the nature of our sexual imagination (Judge Lindsay has helped here), and in general the pattern of what he regards as the typical American. It was "Babbitt," not intuition, that taught him one aspect of America.

He has read, and heard of more than read, the work of Professor Dewey in education, seeing in that advocate of experimental education and the attempt to adjust the child to its environment, a proof that the American mind is concerned only with animal training. The philosophy of Dewey itself, I suspect that he has not read.

* * *

In these two authors Keyserling studied America and came here, like Columbus, to find an India whose geography he already knew. The evidence crops out on every page. Babbitt and Dewey are his themes. He says so, and repeats it. His intuition, thus far, is therefore not spiritual but literary, and no matter how keenly he has interpreted his source books, the truth of his survey is dependent upon the typical truth of "Babbitt" and upon his understanding of Deweyism. His thesis of American civilization rests upon this second-hand "intuition."

But even though Count Keyserling felt that his stay of some months in America had dulled the intuitions he brought through the customs, he was by no means unobservant when he was here, and to his impressions of America after those crucial first days of intuition he does too little justice. He came to tell (as his audience will testify) not to be told, but he saw much, talked more, and had at least one great emotional experience which, I believe, accounts for the explosive character of a book that, not content with psycho-analyzing Babbitt and the behaviorists, goes on to prophesy a completely new and entirely un-European civilization.

The shock troops of Count Keyserling's imagination here for the first time encountered the mass attack of a bourgeoisie raised by industrialism and democratic ideals to power, wealth, freedom, and dominance in the state. He had seen the bourgeoisie before. It exists, naturally, in Europe, in the form of what he would call a lower middle class. It is numerous, and has many, though not all, of the traits of the American mass civilization. But it is still bound, economically and intellectually. It does not travel, it does not get educated beyond its barest necessities, it is not rich, it may be the backbone of the state but it is never its head. It knows its place and keeps it.

The phenomenon of America, as Count Keyserling saw it, was this lower middle class on the loose. They made up his audiences because they could well afford his tickets, and were curious (especially the women) as to foreigners and aristocrats. They crowded to his receptions. He saw that they were the economic rulers of America. They were not merely a majority (peasants are a majority in a European state) but they were a conspicuous, unavoidable majority. They were the loud speakers of the American radio. Their ideas, deeds, wants, standards, he found (naturally) brandished abroad in advertisements, headlined in newspapers, dominant in politics, catered to by the churches. And they could not be despised as vulgarians, passed by as the mere surge and foam of too rapid prosperity, regarded as overeducated peasants soon to fall, because he felt behind them the immense and by him (I think) quite unanalyzed force of the machine age, which gave this dominant class its wealth, its mechanical characteristics, and its assurance of durable strength. Just to criticize America as bourgeois, materialistic, mechanical would by no means express the bewilderment he felt in a society which seemed to him (I quote) turned topsy-turvy. And in order to account for the depth of his emotion and the heat of his intuitions he sets us up as a new type in a new cycle of civilization, constructs a present, and plans a future which Spengler might envy for its cosmic scope and dogmatic finality.

* * *

Does this mean then that Count Keyserling in America is just as trustworthy as Count Keyserling in Mars? Scarcely that. He is too shrewd, he has travelled too much, he has read too much philosophy to be often less than half right. When he says that Americans above all races adore their mothers and that is their bane, he is arguing from "mammy songs" heard at the talkies.† It is just precisely not true. When he analyzes the primitive, childlike quality of the American business mind, he is certainly more than half right. But the mind of the French *patron* is just as primitive and childlike except that he deals in francs instead of dollars and stays at home instead of telling Europe what he thinks of it. When he says that Americans are not yet adjusted to their environment he is profoundly right, but to argue from that fact, not merely their restlessness, but also their status as nomads who must necessarily become earth-bound next, and then primitive, is simply to follow Spengler into dogmatic prophecy, which in this instance is only an expression of a sub-conscious hope.

In sum, Keyserling's observation is too often second-hand, and a historical fallacy runs through all of his reasoning, since it is obvious that the American scene he describes may be explained by phenomena (such as free land, machinery, ideas of personal uplift, and opportunity) of which he seems ignorant, quite as well as by the metaphysical primitivism and decline of soul which he sets forth as cause. His description is often correct, but both his premises and his conclusions are of doubtful validity. This book is not really a book on America, it is a study of the mind of Keyserling excited by the American scene. And it is just as wise as he is and no wiser, and just as true as he had the luck and skill to be truthful and no truer. The psycho-analysis is not of America, but of a Baltic aristocrat after his first dose of Americanism, and in so far as this aristocrat had a brain which, if not precisely logical, was certainly retentive, observant, and acute, the process yields matter worth careful reflection. But as a philosophy of America it *is* nonsense, and as an intuition of America it is unreliable. Cloudy metaphysics are stretched to cover irritating phenomena which he does not fully understand. The man has skill amounting to genius, skill in criticism, skill in phrasing, skill in definition. This, and not his prophecy, is what makes his book worth reading.

Count Keyserling to the contrary, we are not at ease in our Zion. There is as much spiritual unrest as physical and emotional in America, and an undue discontent. But revelations from a German heaven that we are the chosen people for a new dark ages are not likely to lessen our malease. If we were all Babbitts we would never read them, and if we are not all Babbitts we need not believe them. Whatever we need, we are not likely to consent to a major operation upon our ideals, if only out of distrust of the surgeon—but we may take medicine.

* * *

James Truslow Adams's plain-spoken book, "Our Business Civilization"‡ is medicine, bitter and tonic. He knows nothing of earth-bound primitives moving cyclically toward an iron civilization, but he is acutely aware of certain traits of barbarism in our industrial culture. The mechanizing and standardizing of life in America which Keyserling explains metaphysically he attributes to simpler causes. We have set the national mind on material production, and the result is a "mucker pose" in our manners, a cost of living which makes it impossible for the artist and the professional man to live a full life, and an emphasis upon material prosperity which drains the blood from ethics, individuality, taste, leisure, and everything that makes for culture. Keyserling urges us to de-Europeanize ourselves as quickly as possible in order to get on with the new barbarism which we are evidently predestined to create. Adams reminds us that we are Europeans in a new environment, and that it is essential to hold and keep the best of our traditions while profiting from new opportunities. He is less startling than Keyserling but really much more sensible. Nobody *wants* to be a barbarian, not even the bootleg millionaires, and Mr. Adams's stinging satire upon traders and producers conditioned to a life so narrow and so nervous and so expensive that a fully developed man finds it stifling and painful, is more likely to do good than a description of this business civilization as a new ideal through which we all must pass or upset manifest destiny.

Adams is not so brilliant as Keyserling. He is not so intuitive (in the good sense), and sticking to evident cause and effect misses some aspects of our spiritual unrest which no swing of emphasis from "doing" to "being" alone can cure. Keyserling feels an unrootedness in the Americans, a lack of spiritual tone and unity, which is more vital than economics. Adams keeps off religion (probably with purpose), though he discusses ethics, and I doubt whether any thorough-going criticism of the American scene will have final weight unless it goes to the bottom of our spiritual unrest. But that aside, it is Adams, not Keyserling, who will arouse the consciousness of sin. His book is really a book on manners, but its conclusions, if not cosmic, are inescapable. You cannot slide round them by praising Babbitt as a type of man in the making, or run away from them into fatalism. If we are leaders in the machine age and born on the crest of its noisy speed, nevertheless it lies in our power, if it is in our will, to hold on to the values which culture has established. We are neither red Indians nor robots. If we have escaped from European hardships, we brought European culture with us, and where we have departed from it without improvement, there is still new inspiration at the source. There is neither merit in nor need of an Americanism that is original at the expense of civilization. It is not a question of Americanism, but rather of what you and you and you will do in opposition to the vulgarism, the mechanism, the standardization which accompanies, but is by no means a final necessity, of the age of machines.

* * *

Count Keyserling arouses the imagination, but Mr. Adams's book approves itself to the reason as the more useful criticism. Jeremiahs we must have, but their prophecies, viewed in later ages, seem crude and little realized. The childish acquisitiveness and primitive ideas of the mass Americans may be a proof that a new culture has come to earth and must work itself up from infantilism to maturity. Yet they may also be no more than a phase of that difficult adolescence of culture which comes always to those who, like the typical Americans, are rapidly changing their status in society.

The question for Americans is not "Are we barbarians?" for the answer would be meaningless except to one who proceeds by intuition. Some of us are and some of us are not. "You who are certainly not barbarians, are you standing up for your rights in America?" is the practical issue that Adams makes the theme of his book. And indeed the

† I borrow this suggestion from a remark of Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

‡ OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION. Some Aspects of American Culture. By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1929. $3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unity of Western civilization is more significant than its differences, the world-wide influence of the machine age is more important for thinking than its particular effects in America, and it is more profitable to consider the American as a modern man, differentiated in his environment, different in his outlook, and yet subject to the same cultural and social influences as the European, than to make of him a new invention, strange to the world. Skies change but not the man—at least not so much as Count Keyserling thinks.

Sherman, Soldier and Man

SHERMAN: SOLDIER, REALIST, AMERICAN. By CAPT. B. H. LIDDELL-HART. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY
Dartmouth College

IT is not often that one comes upon a biography that is so well done as this book. Nearly every page bears evidence of the fact that it is the product of painstaking and exhaustive research, mature thought, and an expert understanding of the subject in hand. There is no attempt to jazz up the narrative, no withholding of criticism, no effusive laudation. Frankness is as characteristic of the author's presentation as it was of Sherman himself. One has the feeling that this is precisely the sort of a study that the redoubtable old soldier would have most appreciated.

Captain Liddell-Hart presents very convincingly the thesis that throughout his life Sherman was a hard-headed realist. At a time when many, perhaps a good majority, of the public men in America, were being governed by instinct, passions, political expediencies, or ambition, Sherman with unfailing consistency insisted upon using reason as his guide. Whether the problem concerned California Vigilantes, slavery, foreign affairs, war, or what not, his approach was always by the same route. "His consistency," says Captain Liddell-Hart, "is seen to be almost unparalled among the great figures of history, and for the reason that none was more governed by reason and less influenced by instinct."

In the spring of 1861 when Washington was full of talk of a ninety-day war, a sort of military picnic, Sherman was "more statesmanlike than the statesmen." Fresh from the South he knew the temper of its people and was convinced that the country was in for "a long war . . . much longer than any politician thinks." The calling out of three-months' militia struck him as ridiculous, and he declined to have anything to do with them. Not until three-years' volunteers were called for would he accept a commission, and when he did enter the service it was with no illusions that the war would be "an impassioned and glorious adventure." "War is cruelty and you cannot refine it," Sherman once said, and from the beginning to the end he prosecuted it on that premise. He directed his military force with unrelenting severity primarily against the civil population of the South, not because he bore any ill-feeling against the people, but because he believed that the end to be attained—a restoration of peace and order—could be most quickly reached by bringing to the very doors of Southern homes the terrors of war. Of the general's reasoning in this connection, the author says:

> It was logical, and due to reasoning that was purely logical, that he should first oppose war; then, conduct it with iron severity; and, finally, seize the first real opportunity to make a peace of complete absolution. He cared little that his name should be execrated by the people of the South if he could only cure them of a taste for war. And to cure them he deliberately aimed at the non-combatant foundation of the hostile spirit instead of at its combatant roof. He cared as little that this aim might violate a conventional code of war, for so long as war was regarded as a chivalrous pastime, and its baseness obscured by a punctilious code of war, so long would it be invested with a halo of romance. . . . In Sherman's view law and war were two opposed states, and war began when law broke down. In other words, war was primarily an anarchical state of mind and only secondarily a matter of physical blows. Here we see the deeper meaning underlying Sherman's phrase "war is only justifiable among civilized nations to produce peace." In logic and in fact, people make war, armies merely end it. The corollary of this deduction was expressed in Sherman's declaration "Therefore, I had to go through Georgia and let them see what war meant."

Just as Sherman's realism led him to the conclusion that the grand strategy of the war lay in striking at "the non-combatant foundation of the hostile spirit," so also it led him to the conclusion that the blow should be struck from the West. His campaigns in the Mississippi Valley and his march to the sea were directed to that end and it is undoubtedly true, as the author asserts, that Sherman's work in 1864 was largely responsible for the saving of the Union in that critical election year and the collapse of the Confederacy early in the next.

Captain Liddell-Hart has traced Sherman's movements in the field from the first Bull Run débâcle on through to the surrender of General Joe Johnston in North Carolina in April, 1865. In many instances, notably in the case of Shiloh, he presents fresh critical analyses and observations which will be of particular interest to students of military history, but so smooth and clear is the narrative that even the lay reader will find the accounts of battles, marches, and strategy of absorbing interest. The description of Sherman's march to the sea, "the greatest march in modern history," is the best account of its kind that this reviewer has ever read.

While the major portion of the book is necessarily devoted to military affairs, Sherman himself is never lost sight of. In fact, the character and personality of the man stand out very vividly. Many will be surprised to learn that he was really not the devil in a blue uniform after all! Despite his hard, realistic philosophy of war and his ruthless invasion

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

of Georgia and the Carolinas, he had a tender, even lovable, side and was generous, honest, and loyal. He commanded the affection of his troops as well as their respect and confidence. He was no seeker after popularity and honors as were most of the Civil War generals. Lincoln himself was no more chivalrous and charitable in victory than he, and General Johnston's presence as a pall-bearer at his old enemy's funeral was a touching tribute to Sherman's magnaminity in granting terms of surrender. He wanted no punitive measures to follow the laying down of Confederate arms.

> . . . it is only those who have never heard a shot, never heard the shriek and groans of the wounded and lacerated (friend or foe), that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. . . . I declare before God, as a man and a soldier, I will not strike a foe who stands unarmed and submissive before me, but would rather say—"Go, and sin no more."

No one deplored more the outrageous processes of reconstruction than Sherman; no one had a more unwavering contempt for the vengeful politicians who engineered it.

It is to be hoped that this book will have a wide reading in the South as well as in the North, for it is by all odds the best analysis of General Sherman and his work that has yet appeared. It may not make friends of those who have been his foes, but it will at least afford a better understanding of the man and his motives.

• "Some of the adventures described in Richard Hughes's 'Innocent Voyage' sound almost incredible," says *John o' London's Weekly*, "but they are nevertheless founded on fact. Furthermore, they are founded on the same facts as Joseph Conrad's 'Romance,' although Mr. Hughes did not know it at the time."

In Greenwich Village

I THOUGHT OF DAISY. By EDMUND WILSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

IT seems that there are some advantages—advantages of detachment from current literary gossip—in being a provincial person. At any rate, Mr. Wilson's novel found its way to the present reviewer rather because of his provincial innocence, or ignorance, than because of any critical faculties he may now and then be supposed to possess. For this novel, it was not too darkly hinted, is a *roman à clef*—which it would perhaps be wiser to have judged on other, less personal, grounds.

So be it.

"I Thought of Daisy" is a carefully composed, somewhat sluggish narrative, written in the first person, directly under the influence of the late Marcel Proust. It contains four admirably realized major characters: the "I" of the narrative, a young editor and writer; Rita Cavanagh, a distinguished poet; Hugo Bauman, a radical novelist; and Daisy, a former chorus girl, and immediate drifter among the coiling eddies of a swirling sexual emancipation. The portrait of Daisy is brilliantly executed. She exists in three dimensions, quite independently of the derivative analysis and involved stylistic pattern that flows viscously around, yet cannot submerge, her. Moreover, there are three or four minor characters—types of the Greenwich Village of day before yesterday—which contrive to wriggle forth unscathed from the boa-like convolutions of Mr. Wilson's not too happily borrowed style.

Mr. Wilson is an excellent critic of contemporary life and letters; he makes just and subtle discriminations; he has an interesting mind. Furthermore, he sees men and woman not as trees walking but as individuals, and he can sharply project them before us. He has traces of humor, too, and a pretty wit. In short, this is one of the most promising and at the same time most annoying first novels which have lately been given us. When he has thoroughly digested his Proust, and recovered his equanimity, there is every reason to believe that he will give us a novel, or novels, worth cherishing—because entirely his own.

At Last—Colette

CHÉRI. By COLETTE. Translated by JANET FLANNER. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY, JR.

COLETTE is something of an institution in France, and it is perhaps more than ordinarily surprising that she is so little known in English outside the pages of *Vanity Fair*. Holding a special position, half literary, half social, and depending wholly upon her unique personality, her work has been for years more popular than that of any other woman in France. "Chéri" is one of her best books, belonging to the pre-war vintage, and containing all the qualities which make her work notable. The tale is simple enough and though it caused some little excitement in its day will scarcely be considered shocking at this late date.

Chéri is the son of a dancer at the Opera more notable for her business ability with her lovers than for her choreographic prowess. At an early age Léa, a near contemporary of his mother, becomes interested in him, takes the spoiled youth to the country, and more or less reclaims him. Eventually she falls in love with him; their liaison, in which she, of course, furnishes all material inducements, lasts for several years. Finally he makes up his mind to marry, only to find that the attraction exerted by this woman so much older than himself is too strong to permit any happiness with his young wife. He returns to Léa,—but the spell is broken and he sees her as she is, an old woman in love, with neither charm nor dignity.

The taste of all this is bitter-sweet, and might have been unpleasant without the undoubted magic of Colette's style. The types are good, the atmosphere is incredibly good, and Chéri himself is one of those admitted marvels that come but once in a career even to such authors as Colette. Miss Flanner's translation retains with surprising success the very *article de Paris* tone of the original, and ought to do much towards making a unique person known in America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Worker of Ill

BORGIA. By ZONA GALE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by DONALD DAVIDSON

IN her essay, "Beauty and the Commonplace," Zona Gale wrote: "The fiction of the future will realize angels in the commonplace," and she wisely qualified the prophecy: "But unless the novelist looks alive he is going to express merely the grotesquerie of the effort to seek it (the beauty of the commonplace)." With all possible respect for the scrupulous fineness of her work, it seems necessary to say that Miss Gale's new novel strikes nearer to the grotesquerie than it does to the angels. A novelist theorizes at his peril. He is in danger not only of having his maxims quoted against him, but of letting preoccupation with theory corrupt his practice. Whether or not this has happened to Miss Gale, "Borgia," at any rate, reads as if the novelist were determined for pure sake of argument to illustrate her principles with the most unpromising material available.

In one thing "Borgia" is refreshing: it reverses the stock situation of the modern novel, in which young men and women commonly go around being hurt by the universe. The Marfa of this book, an egotistic little beast of the Middle West, gives far more wounds than she receives, or so she imagines. It is her unhappiness innocently to strew harm whereever she goes. Should she so much as cough inadvertently, a big strong man falls dead.

Though Marfa was "a glorious child," evil was in her from the first. Other children fell off porches and broke their own legs. Marfa fell off and lamed the dog, herself remaining intact. Her runaway pony injured her mother, not Marfa. Her jack-o'-lantern set a neighbor's porch on fire. When she dressed up as a ghost, she frightened a pregnant woman and caused a still-birth.

* * *

Adult disasters were more serious. Paul Barker, a nice young man, went to Stella's house with Marfa. He caught diphtheria from Stella's children and died. To Max Garvin she said, "Oh, don't wait. Come on over tonight." Max's car ran into a truck, and Max was left paralyzed for life. Marfa engaged a woman to clean house. The woman was captured into tragical marriage by a loitering mechanic. Marfa argued the family into going to the Dells for a picnic, and little Cousin Ben got drowned. Marfa told Lina Burwell to stir the fire. Out flew a spark into Lina's eye and finished the eye. Even when Marfa, recognizing her dangerousness, tried not to influence anybody, results were still fatal. She declined to interfere in the life of the cook's daughter. Disconsolate, the poor negress moped about and finally killed herself. (This must be the sole instance in literature of negro suicide.) Marfa flirted with Mr. Bartholomew, who straightway divorced his wife. Marfa tried not to run over the squirrel in the road, but when she looked back, there he lay dead. Marfa destroyed her father's faith in himself. Marfa made Maud Brand so furiously jealous that she died of heart failure; but this instance ought not to be counted, for Maud, poor splenetic thing, was better off dead.

Yet Marfa was not a true Borgia, because she had a conscience. Dutifully she blamed herself for the tale of misfortunes, nobly refusing to let anybody else take the credit. Her awful ways worried her. She bothered friends and family by asking, almost too proudly, "Why am I like that?" Nobody could answer satisfactorily. The amorous Mr. Bartholomew murmured Freudian speculations. Max Garvin said, "Get your body polarized to draw the good and not the ill." Laurence Brand, sensible male, said "I love you," and presumably embraced her—though the book leaves the matter in doubt and gives no absolute assurance that Marfa's fatal activities are destined to be made less fatal by love.

* * *

The novel tempts one to think that Miss Gale may intend to burlesque the moderns who, as Stark Young says, whine about life. But the book is too solemn for parody, and too much skill is lavished on it. More probably there is some ethical intent. It may be the high problem of whether one wishing to do good may involuntarily produce ill, in which case we should have something like a Sophoclean irony, reduced to a humdrum Mid-Western scale. Or it may be a study of the modern fault of taking oneself too seriously, for Marfa is incapable of understanding the operation of contingency in mortal affairs.

Under any interpretation "Borgia" does not discover the tragedy or the beauty of the commonplace. The case is too hypothetical, and it is overstated. We may be fully prepared to believe that Main Street is romantic, but sheer technique plus protestation will not alone convince us that a grocer's daughter is a queen of tragedy. Fine craftsmanship only makes matters worse, in this case. It is like using a steel crane to hoist a package of chewing gum. For that matter, the style like the argument is overdone. It is appalling to be afflicted with terrific niceties at the most banal moments, to be burdened with the intricacies of unimportant acts, to be obliged to notice that people wipe their feet on the doormat with a profound expression. Even a lump of sugar becomes painfully dramatic: "She accepted with the fervor of some escape, and took three lumps, as if in sheer refuge." Such a to-do over nothing only makes grotesque what was intended to be exact and perfect, and one is alarmed with the thought that Miss Gale is enamoured with the technique of science, not of art.

An Outline of Adventure

(*Continued from page* 437)

Mr. Kipling and Mr. Chesterton who would pretend that adventure lies all about us. Alas! no. As Tom Sawyer saw so clearly, "Adventure must start with running away from home." Yet everyone is born an adventurer and hence our heartfelt if sneaking sympathy with the great villains.

Mr. Bolitho gives the adventurer much. Adventure he sees standing at the beginning of states, institutions, civilizations as of most careers. There is thus a sociological slant to his study. "History is jolted along with great breaches of law and order, by adventurers. . . ."

> The first adventurer was a nuisance; he left the tribal barricade open to the risk of the community when he left to find out what made that noise in the night. I am sure he acted against his mother's, his wife's, and the council of old men's strict orders, when he did it. But it was he that found where the mammoths die and where after a thousand years of use there was still enough ivory to equip the whole tribe with weapons. Such is the ultimate outline of the adventurer; Society's benefactor as well as pest.

He develops the grammar of adventure, rule by rule, each subject yielding a new principle. Casanova, for example, contributes as his gospel and policy: *Fata viam inveniunt. Volentem ducit, nolentem trahit.* Or, Fate finds the way. Life leads its lover, betrays its rebel. The first, and less important, stems from the Stoics. The second comes, as might be suspected, from a high source, a lost tragedy of Euripides. Mr. Bolitho finds in them the best epitome "of the purest tradition of adventure." Here is "all the comfort of fatalism without its enervating effects."

The essay on Columbus—one of the best in the volume—leads to a full-length examination of the nature of this Fate who presides over the lives of adventurers. Mr. Bolitho has it in for Christopher and if his version lacks something in justice it more than compensates therefor in wisdom and entertainment. By electing to believe at critical points the most unfavorable versions of the great discoverer's career, he reduces his real adventure to one fact—that he was a "tremendous outsider." "Until his last voyage it is very doubtful if he could even use a quadrant. He knew no more of navigation than any able-bodied seaman." "His was the triumph of the unqualified . . . the man who pushed his way in and did what others with the right were soberly, competently, conscientiously planning to do; the patron example of the crank and the amateur." It is his genius for salesmanship which most impresses Mr. Bolitho who laments that the world will never learn to beware of "these stately gentlemen with the fixed, calm look straight in your eyes, who never joke, and never waver." The first triumphal trip of Columbus across Spain in 1493 from Palos to Barcelona, with his procession of Caribs and parrots, was a great and successful show. When he tried to repeat two years later he was jeered at or ignored. Which leads Mr. Bolitho suddenly to come to grips with this Fate which he has been observing off-stage. He cries:

> It is time to stop and be indignant. Not content with her disgraceful choice of a swollen-headed, lying, incompetent, and utterly unsuitable soft-goods salesman for the greatest favor she ever showed to her favorite Europeans, this Fate we are studying after allows herself to be caught outside her cloud playing such an odious joke upon him. There is a schoolboy bad taste, a giggling irresponsibility about the way he has been made a fool of, which, so far from being funny, fills us with deep panic, since we, too, are mortals and ask of our gods at least to be grown-up.

And for a conclusion upon this interesting effort at identification, he reaches the theory that coherent injustice was the presiding genius of this career. For what else can explain the choice of this unqualified one for the greatest of voyages, the killing off of the mild Caribs and their baleful revenge wreaked not only in the veins of their enemies, the Spaniards, but equally upon the innocent German, English, and French who never had a chance to harm them.

> What if this injustice were the very life of adventure? The man who puts his stake on the roulette board does not want justice, or his stake back unaltered. Justice for Christopher is a small shop in Genoa, or it may be a foot of wall in a Portuguese jail for fraudulent bankruptcy, or a hole in the ooze at the bottom of the sea, somewhere a few leagues out from the Canaries. Justice for Alexander is another dagger such as killed his father; for Casanova a horsewhipping, or a lifelong judgment of alimony. In this light, adventure is an excited appeal for injustice; the adventurer's prayer is "Give us more than our due."

A juster and surely a singularly acute essay on Woodrow Wilson concludes the volume. Perhaps we should admit that William Bolitho is our favorite, we had almost said our only, writer on the Great War. We must admit, too, that Mr. Bolitho at times oversimplifies his material to make his point. But, after all, that is the universal process of history, and it is a tribute to the greatness of Wilson that an English writer should thus soon begin this process. The essay is a good example of the Bolitho method. It begins rather slowly with much divagation upon democracy—and better analysis thereof it would be hard to find—proceeds somewhat wanderingly, almost, for a page or two, turgidly, through the early career of the President, and then suddenly, not by any trick, but by sheer artistry of imaginative drama focuses the whole long introduction upon a single point of time, the moment when Wilson arrived in Paris:

> If Wilson stepping off the boat had announced, in the tone he once possessed, world-disarmament, British fleet and German, French army, and Italian submarines, Gibraltar, Malta, Aden dismantled, and with that the abandonment of all the tariff barriers of the world—those of his country first—as his unalterable terms, I am at perfect liberty to believe that he would have won through, and, with a larger destiny than any human being who ever lived, opened the doors to a new and fascinating prospect for the whole of his fellowmen. The common people wherever he walked screamed for him to do it; there was certainly a scream.
>
> No one has ever had such cheers; I, who heard them in the streets of Paris, can never forget them in my life. I saw Foch pass, Clemenceau pass, Lloyd George, generals, returning troops, banners, but Wilson heard from his carriage something different, inhuman—or superhuman. Oh, the immovably shining, smiling man.

The reader is at liberty to believe that Mr. Bolitho's imagination here passed beyond the bounds of the possible, but he cannot avoid the sense of a great historical imagination creating the very stuff out of which great history is written.

Mr. Bolitho doubtless took an innocent pleasure in forming his squad to face the gods—Casanova elbowing Alexander, Mahomet cheek by cheek with Lola Montez, who helped make Munich the paradise that it is—Cataline between the two Napoleons, and Isadora Duncan (perhaps the most obvious choice in the volume) preceding Woodrow Wilson. Nor should the chapter on Charles XII be overlooked—it is one of the best, revealing perfectly that combination which is Bolitho, a romantic in his zest for what is new and fresh, in his unleashed imagination, in his readiness to sacrifice every minor grace for a living line, and a stern realist in his clear look upon the sins and virtues of men and gods.

The Saturday Review of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 6. No. 18.

Copyright, 1929, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Banquet of the Boudoir*

ON many an attic bookshelf throughout America, covered with dust that is not disturbed except at housecleaning time, lie copies of an old magazine which once, to use a favorite phrase of its publisher, Louis A. Godey, "brought unalloyed pleasure to the female mind." The stories and poems were read and reread and cried over, the fashions were studied and copied, the engravings were cut out and framed, and the editor's advice was considered the final pronouncement.

The relation between the editor of the *Lady's Book* and his readers was singularly intimate. Plump, benignant, simple-hearted Mr. Godey talked monthly to his "fair readers" in a tone in which there was much of old-fashioned gallantry, a good deal of naïvely serious if somewhat condescending advice upon important topics, and not a little plain good humor. When some inquirer asks on which side the gentleman should ride in a carriage, Godey answers that he should ride on the left, for "is it not nearest the lady's heart?" The good editor might have sat for the portraits of the cheeryble twins as painted by Dickens while Godey was making his first success: like them, Godey was indulgent to all, and no reasonable request was refused his readers. "We have received a note from some fair Lady, we presume, requesting us to give another description of Love than that found in the February number. This shall be done, and another fair Lady has it now in charge."

Godey never admitted anything to the pages of the *Lady's Book* that was not as pure as the driven snow. In that habit he had of talking to his contributors through the magazine—commending, scolding, accepting, declining—he wrote in February, 1840: "The story sent us from Charleston, although excellent, cannot be published in our *Book*. Nothing having the slightest appearance of indelicacy, shall ever be admitted to the *Lady's Book*." One naughtily wonders what terrible breach of convention Mr. Godey's shocked eyes had lighted upon in the pages of the manuscript from Charleston.

Godey must have felt his literary shortcomings, and his increasing need of editorial assistance. In 1837 he was branching out as a publisher; with his literary friends Morton McMichael and Joseph C. Neal, he was starting the *Saturday News*, a family paper, with the *Lady's Dollar Magazine* to come later. So when he bought Mrs. Sarah J. Hale's *Ladies' Magazine* of Boston to combine with his *Book* in 1837, he obtained Mrs. Hale along with it. Now Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale was a great woman. She had some poetic ability, and if persistence of the product be taken as a criterion, she was even a great poet. It was Mrs. Hale who wrote:

> Mary had a little lamb;
> Its fleece was white as snow;
> And everywhere that Mary went
> The lamb was sure to go.

For sheer familiarity that quotation rivals anything in Shakespeare. It was Mrs. Hale, too, who wrote:

> "It snows," cries the schoolboy, "Hurrah!" and his shout
> Is ringing through parlor and hall.

Mr. McGuffey did a good deal for these old poems, to be sure, but it is some credit to have written them.

In 1841 the magazine advertised that it was "edited solely by ladies." Associated with Mrs. Hale at that time was the most popular poetess who ever wrote in America—Lydia H. Sigourney. Her popularity was equalled only by her industry; her posthumous memoirs record over two thousand contributions to more than three hundred periodicals, and she published forty-six volumes of all sorts—poetry, essays, travel, fiction, historical sketches, cookbooks, etc. She is omnipresent in the magazines of the period, and she had editorial connections with several. It may be doubted whether she did much actual editorial work on *Godey's*.

But mere man had also a place in *Godey's*. George P. Morris, William Gilmore Simms, T. S. Arthur, Bayard Taylor, and Nathaniel Parker Willis, whose names are already familiar in these pages because of the connections which their bearers had with various other magazines, were among *Godey's* authors. James Kirk Paulding, once a leading American author, and Thomas Buchanan Read, now remembered only for his "Sheridan's Ride" if at all, were also notable contributors.

Godey also made a raid into New England, the booty from which consisted of contributions from Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe. Among this material was Longfellow's "Maidenhood," containing the lines,

> Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet. . . .

But *Godey's* greatest sensation was the series by Edgar Allan Poe on "The New York Literati," in which some very considerable literary reputations were pitilessly deflated. Godey was right in his prophecy, "We are much mistaken if these papers of Mr. Poe do not raise some commotion in the literary emporium." The number containing the first instalment of the criticisms had to be reprinted to supply the demand; indeed, so much "commotion" was raised that Godey had to print a disavowal: "We have nothing to do but publish Mr. Poe's opinions—not our own."

Illustration from Godey's *Lady's Book*.

In spite of these importations, *Godey's* never became a literary magazine of a high grade. Sentimentality, which infected the literature of the time pretty generally anyway, was fulsome in the *Lady's Book*. Sophie Mays and Clare DeVeres and Phyllises wrote many poems and stories for its pages.

Godey's published literally thousands of such tales, very sentimental, very moral. They frequently begin with an explicit statement of the moral, stop every few paragraphs to reiterate it, and then end with a page of edifying disquisition. The characters are often so pious and good that we hate them heartily. "All Mr. Arthur's productions are intended to point a moral," says the *Godey* reviewer of that writer's *Advice to Young Men*. "His magazine tales have all that end." It is too true, and not only of the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," but of most other writers in the *Lady's Book*.

But where are the articles on current problems, on politics, on social and economic questions? They are not to be found in *Godeys*: they are not suitable for the female mind. Art and music and sentiment, and even education, but no politics. Beecher attacked the *Lady's Book* in the *Independent* for not joining in the crusade against slavery, but Louis A. Godey knew that "the fairest portion of creation" had no interest in politics, and he doubtless felt, with most gentlemen of the period, that it was not quite polite to mention politics in a lady's presence without begging her pardon. Mrs. Hale's advocacy of education for women was carried on largely in her own editorial department, where she talked about normal schools and medical training for women to her heart's content, and doubtless to some effect. "The Doctress will yet take her honorable place among Doctors," wrote the "Editress," thus proving herself a true prophetess. A doctor rather than a doctress edited *Godey's* Health Department, however,—Dr. Jno. S. Wilson, of Georgia, and later Dr. Charles P. Uhle—though a doctress might on the whole have done a better job of it. In February, 1849, Dr. Uhle wrote a little essay on exercises for women, in which he said, "It would be a prejudicial error to suppose that females should be subjected only to passive exercises . . . those methods that gently strengthen the fibres without causing any corresponding loss," as an example of which he suggests carriage-riding. "It would, however," he is quick to add, "be imprudent to subject suddenly to violent exercise young girls of feeble constitution, with soft skin, pale complexion, and light hair, which are proofs of weakness."

It was shortly after the war that croquet "came in"—after the war, concerning which the reader of *Godey's* would have had not the slightest notion in the world if he had been depending upon that periodical for information. The magazine was absolutely untouched by the great conflict; there was a taboo against references to the war. But about the time of Lee's surrender, Mr. Godey in his department tells of receiving subscription clubs from the army. What? Did the soldiers read the *Lady's Book?* It seems that we have certainly caught them at it, and Mr. Godey, in his nice way, commends them for being "a refined and well-conducted army." So, after all, the war got in, by virtue of the refinement of an army that wanted the *Lady's Book*. But do even the publishers of women's magazines themselves ever suspect how many men read their periodicals, in the army or out of it?

War or no war, the *Lady's Book* went on its prosperous and elegant way, publishing pretty poems, stories, and essays, as well as plans of model cottages, a fine arts department, a piece of music every month (as it had from the first)—and engravings and fashion plates.

The last formed the great feature of *Godey's*—the embellishments. Do not call them illustrations. They did not illustrate the text; the text illustrated them. The editor was wont to refer to some story or sketch as "the illustration of the plate." The plate was the thing, and especially the fashion plate. The first number of the magazine (July, 1830) printed a fashion plate water-colored by hand—in which the simpering lady wears a blue hooped gown and a yellow poke-bonnet, and carries a lavender sun-shade. At first there was but one of these hand-colored plates every three months, but soon the allowance was increase to one each issue, and the quality improved, and in 1849 Godey printed twenty colored plates. In 1861 began the series of "extension plates," which were colored fashion pictures at least double the width of the *Godey* page, so that the plate must be folded to go in. These plates were a great success; by means of them the artist could get four or five full-sized hoop-skirts abreast, which made a great show. The old plates have today an inextinguishable charm. The delicate water colors, the quaint old fashions, the tiny feet and wasp waists, the careful poses (oh, how posturized!) belong to a delightful world of pure artificiality. Certainly, one says, nobody could really have worn these dresses! But there they are, and the student of costumes may trace them through their changing phases; it is such a history of clothes as Carlyle never dreamed of. There is something of Eugénie, something of Victoria, something of Jennie Lind. Charming pantalettes pass away, and at length the hoops give place to the bustle: oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

In 1877 the management of the magazine, which had been largely confided to the care of Godey's sons, was reorganized. Mrs. Hale, aged eighty-nine years, surrendered her editorial responsibilities. In the next year Louis A. Godey passed to his reward. After the change S. Annie Frost (Mrs. S. A. Shields) was the chief editor, and Clara F. Guernsey, A. J. H. Duganne, Christian Reid, Eben E. Rexford, and Max Adeler were prominent in the tables of contents; and the pages were enlivened occasionally by A. B. Frost's caricatures and F. O. C. Darley's plates illustrating scenes in the Waverley novels. In 1883 the magazine came into the hands of J. H. Haulenbeek as owner and editor.

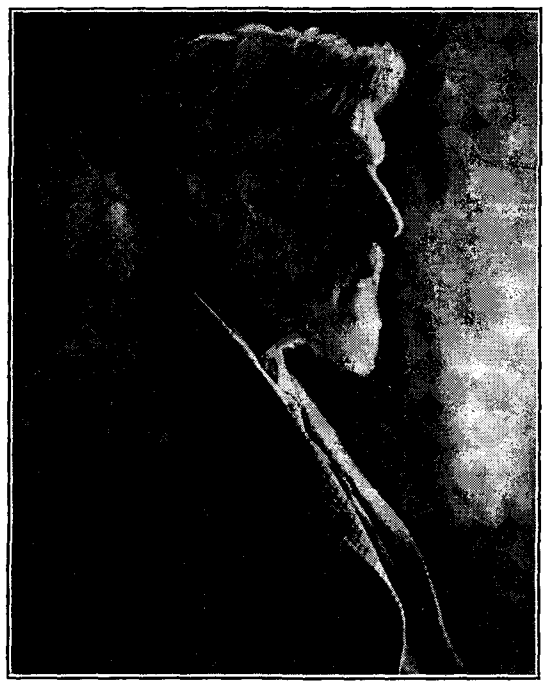
In 1898, *Godey's*, after a long decline, disappeared, leaving reminders nowhere but on attic shelves and in the most inaccessible corners of our libraries. Yet there is much to be learned from its file. Here is a history of manners, a history of taste, a history of costume. Here is something of art, with some first editions of famous writers. Here are two portraits fully painted: those of Louis the Good, and Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. Most interesting of all, perhaps here is a measure by which we may observe the advancement of women in later years. It may be that some things have been lost along the road of that march that were worth keeping; if so, the old *Lady's Book* is a guide to their rediscovery. At any rate, the yellow pages have somewhat the charm of old lace, and the odor of lavender is about them.

"The Banquet of the Boudoir," the *Louisville Varieties* called the *Book;* and Mr. Godey commented: "There is something very pretty about that."

* This article is to constitute the major part of a chapter in F. L. Mott's "History of American Magazines," shortly to be published by D. Appleton & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Testament of Beauty



ROBERT BRIDGES

Robert Bridges, poet laureate of England and now in his eighty-sixth year, is about to publish in this country the fruit of his long experience, "The Testament of Beauty," a philosophic poem. Mr. Bridges has remained a radical at an age when conservatism is natural to man. That is why he has held the respect and admiration of younger poets through changes of taste so violent that only the period of the Renaissance can show their like. A great scholar, deeply read in the world's thought and keenly sensitive to its flux of emotions, his independence shows itself not in wild theories and violent experiment in the transcribing of life, but in a determined pressure upon expression to break it free from the convention which clogs and thickens utterance. His rhythm is most interesting and while the nobility of some of his passages is evident, the devices he employs are not susceptible of easy analysis. His spelling will startle many readers, but deserves careful consideration, not as a model for stenographers, but as an instrument for the full rendering of the music of poetry. THE SATURDAY REVIEW *is honored by his permission to publish in advance of his volume this self-contained and self-sufficent selection which is the opening passage of the first of his six books and can be read as an introduction to "The Testament of Beauty" which will be published in December by the New York house of the Oxford University Press.*

MORTAL Prudence, handmaid of divine
Providence,
hath inscrutable reckoning with Fate and
Fortune:
We sail a changeful sea through halcyon days and
storm,
and when the ship laboureth, our stedfast purpose
trembles like as the compass in a binnacle.
Our stability is but balance, and wisdom lies
in masterful administration of the unforseen.

'Twas late in my long journey, when I had clomb
to where
the path was narrowing and the company few,
a glow of childlike wonder enthral'd me, as if my
sense
had come to a new birth purified, my mind enrapt
re-awakening to a fresh initiation of life;
with like surprise of joy as any man may know
who rambling wide hath turn'd, resting on some hill-
top
to view the plain he has left, and see'th it now out-
spredd
mapp'd at his feet, a landscape so by beauty estranged
he scarce wil ken familiar haunts, nor his own home,
maybe, where far it lieth, small as a faded thought.
Or as I well remember one highday in June
bright on the seaward South-downs, where I had
come afar
on a wild garden planted years agone, and fenced
thickly within live-beechen walls: the season it was
of prodigal gay blossom, and man's skill had made
a fair-order'd husbandry of that nativ pleasaunce:
But had ther been no more than earth's wild loveli-
ness,
the blue sky and soft air and the unmown flower-
sprent lawns,
I would have lain me down and long'd, as then I
did,
to lie there ever indolently undisturb'd, and watch
the common flowers that starr'd the fine grass of the
wold,
waving in gay display their gold-heads to the sun,
each telling of its own inconscient happiness,
each type a faultless essence of God's will, such gems
as magic master-minds in painting or music
threw aside once for man's regard or disregard;
things supreme in themselves, eternal, unnumber'd
in the unexplored necessities of Life and Love.

To such a mood I had come, by what charm I
know not,
where on thatt upland path I was pacing alone;
and yet was nothing new to me, only all was vivid
and significant that had been dormant or dead:
as if in a museum the fossils on their shelves
should come to life suddenly, or a winter rose-bed
burst into crowded holiday of scent and bloom.
I felt the domination of Nature's secret urge,
and happy escape therein; as when in boyhood once
from the rattling workshops of a great factory
conducted into the engine-room I stood in face
of the quiet driving power, that fast in nether cave
seated, set all the floors a-quiver, a thousand looms
throbbing and jennies dancing; and I felt at heart
a kinship with it and sympathy, as children wil
with amicable monsters: for in truth the mind
is indissociable from what it contemplates,
as thirst and generous wine are to a man that drink-
eth
nor kenneth whether his pleasur is more in his desire
or in the savor of the rich grape that allays it.

Man's Reason is in such deep insolvency to sense,
that tho' she guide his highest flight heav'nward, and
teach him
dignity morals manners and human comfort,
she can delicatly and dangerously bedizen
the rioting joys that fringe the sad pathways of Hell.
Nor without alliance of the animal senses
hath she any miracle: Lov'st thou in the blithe hour
of April dawns—nay marvelest thou not—to hear
the ravishing music that the small birdiës make
in garden or woodland, rapturously heralding
the break of day; when the first lark on high hath
warn'd
the vigilant robin already of the sun's approach,
and he on slender pipe calleth the nesting tribes
to wake and fill and thrill their myriad-warbling
throats
praising life's God, untill the blisful revel grow
in wild profusion unfeign'd to such a hymn as man
hath never in temple or grove pour'd to the Lord of
heav'n?
Hast thou then thought that all this ravishing
music,
that stirreth so thy heart, making thee dream of
things
illimitable unsearchable and of heavenly import,
is but a light disturbance of the atoms of air,
whose jostling ripples, gather'd within the ear, are
tuned
to resonant scale, and thence by the enthron'd mind
received
on the spiral stairway of her audience chamber
as heralds of high spiritual significance?
and that without thine ear, sound would hav no
report,
Nature hav no music; nor would ther be for thee
any better melody in the April woods at dawn
than what an old stone-deaf labourer, lying awake
o' night in his comfortless attic, might perchance
be aware of, when the rats run amok in his thatch?
Now since the thoughtless birds not only act and
enjoy
this music, but to their offspring teach it with care,
handing on those small folk-songs from father to son
in such faithful tradition that they are familiar
unchanging to the changeful generations of men—
and year by year, listening to himself the nightin-
gale
as amorous of his art as of his brooding mate
practiseth every phrase of his espousal lay,
and still provoketh envy of the lesser songsters
with the same notes that woke poetic eloquence
alike in Sophocles and the sick heart of Keats—
see then how deeply seated is the urgence whereto
Bach and Mozart obey'd, or those other minstrels
who pioneer'd for us on the marches of heav'n
and paid no heed to wars that swept the world
around,
nor in their homes were more troubled by cannon-
roar
than late the small birds wer, that nested and carol'd
upon the devastated battlefields of France.
Birds are of all animals the nearest to men
for that they take delight in both music and dance,
and gracefully schooling leisure to enliven life
wer the earlier artists: moreover in their airy flight
(which in its swiftness symboleth man's soaring
thought)
they hav no rival but man, and easily surpass
in their free voyaging his most desperate daring,
altho' he hath fed and sped his ocean-ships with fire;
and now, disturbing me as I write, I hear on high
his roaring airplanes, and idly raising my head
see them there; like a migratory flock of birds
that rustle southward from the cold fall of the year
in order'd phalanx—so the thin-rankt squadrons ply,
till sound and sight failing me they are lost in the
clouds.

Man's happiness, his flaunting honey'd flower of
soul,
is his loving response to the wealth of Nature.
Beauty is the prime motiv of all his excellence,
his aim and peaceful purpose; whereby he himself
becoming a creator hath often a thought to ask
why Nature, being so inexhaustible of beauty,
should not be all-beauteous; why, from infinit re-
source,
produce more ugliness than human artistry
with any spiritual intention can allow?
Wisdom wil repudiate thee, if thou think to en-
quire
WHY things are as they are or whence they came:
thy task
is first to learn WHAT IS, and in pursuant knowledge
pure intellect wil find pure pleasur and the only
ground
for a philosophy conformable to truth.
And wouldst thou play Creator and Ordinator of
things,
be Nature then thy Chaos and be thou her God!
Whereafter if in spirit dishearten'd and distress'd
to find evil with good, ugly with beautiful
proffer'd by Nature indifferently without shame,
thou wilt proceed to judge, but in conning thy brief
suspect the prejudice of human self-regard
distinguishing moralities where never is none—
thou art come round wrongfully again to question
Nature,
who by her own faculty in thee judgeth herself:
to impugn thy verdict is to unseat thatt judge.
And science vindicateth the appeal to Reason
which is no less Nature's prescriptiv oracle
for being in all her plan so small and tickle a thing:
How small a thing! if things immeasurable allow
a greater and less (and thought wil reckon some
thoughts great,
prolific, everlasting; other some again
small and contemptible) say then, How small a part
of Universal Mind can conscient Reason claim!
'Tis to the unconscious mind as the habitable crust
is to the mass of the earth; this crust whereon we
dwell
whereon our loves and shames are begotten and
buried,
our first slime and ancestral dust: 'Tis, to compare,
thinner than o'er a luscious peach the velvet skin
that we rip off to engorge the rich succulent pulp:
Wer but our planet's sphere so peel'd, flay'd of the
rind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Robert Bridges

that wraps its lava and rock, the solar satellite
would keep its motions in God's orrery undisturb'd.
Yea: and how delicat! Life's mighty mystery
sprang from eternal seeds in the elemental fire,
self-animat in forms that fire annihilates:
all its selfpropagating organisms exist
only within a few degrees of the long scale
ranging from measured zero to unimagin'd heat,
a little oasis of Life in Nature's desert;
and ev'n therein are our soft bodies vext and harm'd
by their own small distemperature, nor could they endure
wer't not that by a secret miracle of chemistry
they hold internal poise upon a razor-edge
that may not ev'n be blunted, lest we sicken and die.

This Intellect, whereby above the other species
Mankind assumeth genius in a rank apart,
is nascent also in brutes, and of their bloodkinship
as fair a warranty as our common passions are,
our common bones and muscles, skin and nerves of sense.
But because human sorrow springeth of man's thought,
some men hav fal'n unhappily to envy the brutes
who for mere lack of reason, love life and enjoy
existence without care: and in some sort doubtless
happier are they than many a miserable man,
whether in disease or misfortune outclass'd from life
or thru' the disillusion of Lust wreck'd in remorse:
Corruption of best is ever the worst corruption.

'Tis true ther is no balance to weigh these goods and ills
nor any measur of them, like as of colour and heat
in their degrees; they are incommensurable in kind.
'Tis with mere pleasur and pain as if they, being so light,
coud not this way or thatt deflect Life's monarch-beam;
for howso deliberately a man may wish for death
still wil he instinctivly fight to the last for life.
Yet with the burden of thought pains are of great moment,
and sickening thought itself engendereth corporal pain:
But likewise also of pleasure—here too Reason again,
whether in prospect or memory, is the greater part;
our hope is ever livelier than despair, our joy
livelier and more abiding than our sorrows are,
which leak away until no taint remain; their seeds
shriveling too thin to lodge in Memory's hustled sieve.
Wherefore I assert: if Reason's only function wer
to heighten our pleasure, that wer vindication enough;
For what wer pleasur if never contemplation gave
a spiritual significance to objects of sense,
nor in thought's atmosphere poetic vision arose?
Brutes hav their keener senses far outrangeing
ours nor without here and there some adumbration of soul:
But the sensuous intuition in them is steril,
'tis the bare cloth whereon our rich banquet is spredd;
and so the sorrowful sufferer who envied their state,
wer he but granted his blind wish to liv as they
—whether 'twer lark or lion, or some high-antler'd stag
in startled pose of his fantastic majesty
gazing adown the glade—he would draw blank, nor taste
the human satisfaction of his release from care:
as well be a sloven toad in his dark hole: Unlike
those damn'd souls by the Harpies tantalized in Hell
whose tortur it was to see their ostentatious feast
snatch'd from their reach—but he sitting with the dainties
out-spredd before him would see them, nor ever feel
any desire nor memory of their old relish.

This quarrel and dissatisfaction of man with Nature
springeth of a vision which beareth assurance
of the diviner principle implicit in Life:
And mystic Vision may so wholly absorb a man
that he wil loathe ev'n pleasure, mortifying the flesh
by disciplin of discomfort so to strengthen his faith.
Thus tho' 'twas otherwise than on Plato's ladder
that Francis climb'd—rather his gentle soul had learn'd
from taste of vanity and by malease of the flesh—
he abjured as worthless ev'n what good men will call good,
and standing forth, as chivalrous knight and champion
of holiness, in his devotion of heart to God,
all earthly sun-joys seem'd so transitory and vain
that soon the unseen took shape to common eyes; the folk
cumber'd him with servility, and his memory
is beatified in the admiration of all mankind.
Now his following in life and his fame thereafter
confute the lower school of Ethick, which would teach
that spiritual ideas are but dream-stuff in men:
For Francis admitted no compromise nor gloss
whereby the Church had thought to ease the easy yoke
which he reshoulder'd as his Master had offer'd it,
and espousing Poverty as the outcast widow of Christ
would walk in Umbria as He walk'd in Galilee
founding the kingdom of God among those angry Jews
who made earthly rebellion against Caesar's empire:
and in imitation and compassion of Jesus
would touch nothing but what had been bless'd at his lips:
For the morrow hav no more care than a lily hath—
for his head less shelter than a beast of the field—
no purse nor scrip for his journey and but one garment—
and scorning intellect and pursuit of knowledge
liv'd as a bare spirit in its low prison of flesh,
until thru' tribulation he should win to peace,
quam mundus nobis dare non potest pacem,
in those eternal mansions where Dante found him
among the Just. Yet ev'n Francis coud praise Nature,
tho' from such altitude whatever pictur is drawn
must be out of focus of our terrestrial senses.
'Twas thus he made, when he lay sick in Damian,
his hymn in honour of God and praise of his creatures;
All-first and specially of the Sun whom he calleth
his honourable brother and symbol of Very God;
and then the Moon his sister, and all the stars of heav'n
the clouds and winds his kindred; and of the Earth he saith—
Praisèd be thou, my Lord, for my sister, Mother Earth,
who doth sustain and govern us and bringeth forth
all manner of fruit and herb and flowers of myriad hue.
In direst pain of body and despond of soul he ask'd
but for this Bencitè to be sung by his bed,
fleeing for sanctuary to the bond of Nature—
"the inconceivable high works unfathomable
whose aspect giveth the Angels strength, and men
revere the gentle changes of the day."—

The sky's unresting cloudland, that with varying play
sifteth the sunlight thru' its figured shades, that now
stand in massiv range, cumulated stupendous
mountainous snowbillowy up-piled in dazzling sheen,
Now like sailing ships on a calm ocean drifting,
Now scatter'd wispy waifs, that neath the eager blaze
disperse in air; Or now parcelling the icy inane
highspredd in fine diaper of silver and mother-of-pearl
freaking the intense azure; Now scurrying close o'erhead,
wild ink-hued random racers that fling sheeted rain
gustily, and with garish bows laughing o'erarch the land:
Or, if the spirit of storm be abroad, huge molten glooms
mount on the horizon stealthily, and gathering as they climb
deep-freighted with live lightning, thunder and drenching flood
rebuff the winds, and with black-purpling terror impend
til they be driven away, when grave Night peacefully
clearing her heavenly rondure of its turbid veils
layeth bare the playthings of Creation's babyhood;
and the immortal fireballs of her uttermost space
twinkle like friendly rushlights on the countryside.
Them soon the jealous Day o'errideth to display
Earth's green robe, which the sun fostereth for shelter and shower;
The dance of young trees that in a wild birch-spinney
toss to and fro the cluster of their flickering crests,
as rye curtseying in array to the breeze of May;
The ancestral trunks that mightily in the forest choirs
rear stedfast colonnade, or imperceptibly
sway in tall pinewoods to their whispering spires;
The woodland's alternating hues, the vaporous bloom
of the first blushings and tender flushings of spring;
The slumbrous foliage of high midsummer's wealth;
Rich Autumn's golden quittance, to the bankruptcy
of the black shapely skeletons standing in snow:
Or, in gay months of swelling pomp, the luxury
of leisur'd gardens teeming with affection'd thought;
the heartfelt secrecy of rustic nooks, and valleys
vocal with angelic rilling of rocky streams,
by rambling country-lanes, with hazel and thorn *embower'd*
woodbine, bryony and wild roses; the landscape lure
of rural England, that held glory in native art
untill our painters took their new fashion from France.

This spiritual elation and response to Nature
is Man's generic mark. A wolf that all his life
had hunted after nightfall neath the starlit skies
should he suddenly attain the first inklings of thought
would feel this Wonder: and by some kindred stir of mind
the ruminants can plead approach—the look of it
is born already of fear and gentleness in the eyes
of the wild antelope, and hence by fable assign'd
to the unseen unicorn reposed in burning lair—
a symbol of majestic sadness and lonely pride:
but the true intellectual wonder is first reveal'd
in children and savages and 'tis there the footing
of all our temples and of all science and art.
Thus Rafaël once venturing to show God in Man
gave a child's eyes of wonder to his baby Christ;
and his Mantuan brother coud he hav seen that picture
would more truly hav foreshadow'd the incarnation of God.
'Tis divinest childhood's incomparable bloom,
the loss whereof leaveth the man's face shabby and dull.

SEEKING unceasingly for the First Cause of All,
in question for what special Purpose he was made,
Man, in the unsearchable darkness, knoweth one thing
that as he is, so was he made: and if the Essence
and characteristic faculty of humanity
is our conscient Reason and our desire of knowledge,
thatt was Nature's Purpose in the making of man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

REALLY they have yet to better "The Oxford Book" as an anthology, and as a type of anthology. William Stanley Braithwaite has tried it, with, for instance, "The Georgian Book," full of famous things, but, like all Braithwaite's collections, too inclusive. Quiller-Couch did better than Palgrave, and sometimes we think that his is the paragon of all anthologies, though they be as many now as the sands of the sea. Yet his taste cannot be said to be impeccable, even in "The Oxford Book." Only, he made fewer mistakes than anyone who has followed him, in covering as wide a range as he did.

Today, queerly enough, we have two books before us, one of which is labelled simply "Poems by Q." The other is "Braithwaite's Anthology and Yearbook of American Poetry for 1929." It is about three times as large in mere bulk. Well, we declare for "Poems by Q," chastely habited in blue by the Oxford University Press. It is worth your two dollars and a half. "Q" is, of course, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. He is by no means a great poet. He is a minor figure in his creative work in the great English roll of song. But what he has set out to do he has done well. On the whole, it is scholarly work. It is precise work. And all the better for that. These are quiet numbers, mainly. And some of them are such old favorites of ours! It is years since we happened upon that fine romantic novel of his, "The Splendid Spur," and read the poem imbedded in it that is Shirley transformed and you can front the leaguer of the years by itself. "Not on the neck of prince or hound," it still begins grandly,

Nor on a woman's finger twined,
May gold from the deriding ground
Keep sacred that we sacred bind:
Only the heel
Of splendid steel
Shall stand secure on sliding fate,
When golden navies weep their freight.

"*Trust in thyself!*" is the burden of it. It has great phrases, such as, ...

So shall Charybdis wear a grace,
Grim Ætna laugh, the Libyan plain
Take roses to her shrivelled face.

Quite as resoundingly fine is Q's "Chant Royal of High Virtue," which we learned later in life, save that we still incline toward his earlier version using "beseems" in the last line rather than "becrowns." The Envoy is all we have space to quote here:

Young Knight, the lists are set today!
Hereafter shall be time to pray
In sepulture, with hands of stone.
Ride, then! outride the bugle blown!
And gaily dinging down the van
Charge with a cheer—'Set on! Set on!
Virtue is that becrowns a Man!'

Martial again is "The Captain," though written of the soul. These poems are splendidly ancient. Then there are the ballad of "Sabina" and that poem already in other anthologies (we first read it in Stedman's Victorian one), "The White Moth." These serve to show "Q's" power in interpreting the tragedies of the heart. And how many years is it that we have been hunting for a verse quoted once in some magazine story, at last to find it here in "The Masquer in the Street." How it dazzled forth from those magazine pages, so that we knew it must be the work of a very fine craftsman indeed, and behold, here it lives again:

Rubies ripped from altar-cloths
Leered adown her silk attire;
Her mad shoes were scarlet moths
In a rose of fire.

Quiller-Couch has also a command of the eerie, a fey strain. There is, too, of course, "The Soldier," from the Rumanian, that is strangely haunting. Two lines of it have gone with us for years. They are:

How went the battle, I wonder?
—And that he will never learn!

For Quiller-Couch does not truly belong to our century. His heart more truly is "with old, unhappy, far off things and battles long ago." Even when he sings of Oxford, his Alma Mater, it is in Victorian terms:

Yet if at last, not less her lover,
You in your hansom leave the High—

It is strange to think of him persisting in the days of taxi-cabs! He is the last, one also thinks, of the courtly religious poets.

But through the grille
'Where is thy Robe?' said He
Wouldst eat thy fill,
Yet shirk civility?'

One of the best, though the most bodeful of the love poems, is "Saturn," from "Exmoor Verses." When one has winnowed the book carefully one may have but a thin palmful of grain, but how golden it is!

Thomas Moult's selections, and he has been selecting "The Best Poems of the Year" for the last three years,—this is his fourth volume,—are very idiosyncratic. The present book starts off with Vachel Lindsay's "Virginians," probably, as we said last week, one of the best poems he has done recently; but the volume is a mélange of techniques, and of peculiar choices. Moult's collections, however, by their very inclination toward oddity, always have a certain tang. This book is dedicated "To the Memory of Charlotte Mew and Elinor Wylie, Poets," yet rather than the latter's superb "Hymn to Earth," that appeared in this periodical, her "Self Portrait" is reprinted from *The New Yorker*, that spirited, chivalrous, and witty caricature of herself in a much lighter mood. Robert Frost's "Acquainted with the Night" is almost the best gleaning of serious verse from the established poets. The juxtaposition of D. H. Lawrence's "When I went to the Circus—" and Robert P. Tristram Coffin's, "An Aeroplane against a Daylit Moon," is interesting in contrasting such different styles. (Coffin's middle name is, by the way, misspelled "Tristan.") James Daly introduces the most modern arrangement of words upon the page. Altogether, however, there seem to be more traditional verse-forms present than experimental ones. In "Interconnection," by R. E. Hieronymus, and "Front-Page Stuff," by H. Bonar, we have modern material,—and yet, in reading them, we somehow feel how "gladly from the songs of modern speech," etc., etc. Samuel Hoffenstein's "Cloud" likes us better, save for some phrases; yet he, in all conscience, is modern enough!

Midway of Braithwaite's anthology is Lew Sarett's "Mountain Hamlet." It is extremely well done. So many of the poems in this volume start out with their best foot foremost and stumble in their stride. That is hardly true of "Hymn to Earth," here reprinted, which we spoke of above, nor is it true of the work of Winifred Welles, or, naturally, Robinson, or Orrick Johns's "Evening"; and whenever Elizabeth Coatsworth writes of a cat we are completely satisfied. But naturally this is not profoundly to assay this weighty tome. There is in it, for instance, a great deal of interesting work that has previously appeared in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*. Somehow, it is perhaps a renegade confession, we have ceased reading this little magazine for some time. Now, by the glimpses we catch of what it has contained in a year, we must own that Miss Monroe has been working hard at the old stand. She always did have an eagle eye for the new-comer. And we must say also, in behalf of this our own periodical, that the poems chosen from it do not show up at all badly beside the others.

Here, at least, is profusion. Each one will judge the contents of this book according to his own predilections. Whoever has a theory as to the nature of contemporary magazine poetry must prove it by the evidence in this volume. We still marvel at the unending patience and assiduousness of the compiler. For large as this collection is, it represents a choice from a far larger bulk of material. In the course of a year we read a good deal of verse ourselves, but nothing approaching the amount Mr. Braithwaite must read. It might well sicken him with poetry forever! And yet the large body of what he has chosen is respectably written. It is of great variety in theme and treatment. The collection is spade-work well-done for future anthologists and historians of American poetry. That is all one could well ask. If the choices hardly seem always inspired, why that is to be expected. The book remains an American phenomenon. But it is hardly a book to sit down with and try to read through in an evening. It must be taken in sips or one easily acquires the colic.

Recommended:

POEMS BY Q. Oxford University Press. 1929.

SELECTED POEMS. By Conrad Aiken. Scribners. 1929.

DEAR JUDAS. By Robinson Jeffers. Horace Liveright. 1929.

Uncle Sam's Camels

By Lewis B. Lesley

A fascinating account of the efforts of the United States Government to solve the problems of far Western transportation before the days of the railway by means of camels imported from Asia. This little-known episode of United States history is fraught with all the romance of pioneer days and the colorful vistas of the Great American Desert. It furthermore brings to light the more than half-forgotten years in the life of Jefferson Davis in the days before the Civil War. Illustrated. $4.00 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 Randall Hall,
Cambridge, Mass.

This AVIATION Business

by Ernest Dichman

"It is a textbook as well as a great story of adventure masquerading as a semi-technical book . . . simple, concise and altogether interesting."
—*Dayton News*

BRENTANO'S
Publishers, N. Y
($3.50)

Just Published

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1929

Edited by Burns Mantle

STREET SCENE
JOURNEY'S END
THE FRONT PAGE
WINGS OVER EUROPE
HOLIDAY
LET US BE GAY
LITTLE ACCIDENT
MACHINAL
GYPSY
THE KINGDOM OF GOD

The standard anthology, containing the ten best plays in text and summary and complete year-book material. $3.00

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
449 Fourth Ave., New York

Now Ready

HAVELOCK ELLIS'S MAN AND WOMAN

$5.00 *at all bookstores*

Houghton Mifflin Co.

The TRAVEL BOOK *for* CHRISTMAS

THEN I SAW THE CONGO

by Grace Flandrau
author of "Being Respectable"

Here is a thoroughly modern African Adventure. Two American women cross "darkest Africa" and find that bright equatorial sunshine clears up a great many illusions fostered for their greater glory by gentlemen adventurers and yarn-spinning sailors. The highly interesting and dramatic illustrations from the moving pictures taken on the trip by an experienced cameraman. *Read what William McFee and Kermit Roosevelt think of Grace Flandrau's Congo book.*

"*Grace Flandrau is better than Gide*," says William McFee in the N. Y. World. "She has seen the Congo and, marvelous to relate, she reproduces it with fidelity, humor and pathos in this new book—a fresh and stimulating travel book about a trip across Equatorial Africa from the Congo estuary to Mombasa. . . This is the high-water mark in African tropical writing—a triumph of intelligent news-gathering and dramatic description."

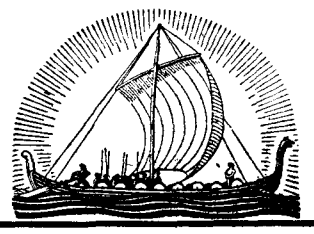
"*She shows up the lurid tales of adventure and mystery*," says Kermit Roosevelt in the Saturday Review, "and she replaces them with the very real drama that is everywhere to be found."

"*A vivid record of what Africa is today*",—N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

$3.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The most UNPOPULAR *of British writers*

"the boldest, most original and unpopular of British writers," says *The Bookman* of R. B. Cunninghame Graham. UNPOPULAR . . . because he has been, as Edward Garnett says, "more than fifty years ahead of his time. UNPOPULAR . . . and yet a favorite of Conrad, Stephen Crane, Theodore Roosevelt, William Morris, Shaw, Beerbohm . . . and yet W. H. Hudson called him "the most singular of English writers" . . . and yet Glenway Wescott claims that his prose is "the most individual, the humanest that a living man has written in English —sometimes I think it is the finest."

UNPOPULAR . . . but that is fast being altered with his new volume containing a selection of his best work—the perfect introduction to this fine writer.

Thirty Tales & Sketches

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

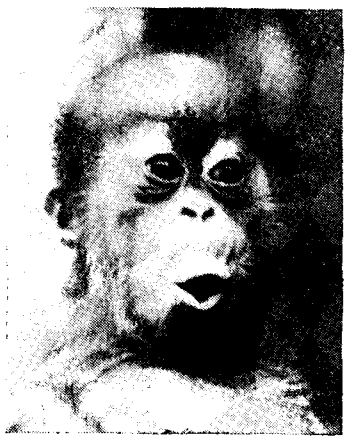
Selected by Edward Garnett

"Here is a book to buy, to have in the house like a safe provision against a needy day. There is something in it to fit almost any mood—except the satisfied complacent one. It is for those who like to roam the world around, from Spain to Scotland, from Paris to the Argentine pampas, in the company of a sharp-tongued, honest man who is at home everywhere apparently. . . . A book full of 'reading aloud' material." — Heywood Broun in *The Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

The Pageant of Life

"In the book are pictures of many things, as vast desert places, pampas like seas of grass, far stretching Scotch moors with gray granite boulders, blue and sun-sparkled waters with ships on them, villages hidden away in warm folds of the hills with straw-thatched roofs and flower gardens, but chiefly of men; and all is done in the way of one who sees straight and who sets down in plain words what he sees. For it is the glory of Graham that for him nothing of the real is dull or tame. . . . Gifted with great vitality, rich with infinite delicacy, endowed with a wide and clear vision and filled with intention, he sees life as a pageant in which he must take an active part." — Charles Finger in *The Saturday Review of Literature.* $3.00

Give VIKING BOOKS



This way to a new experience in reading

ANIMALS LOOKING AT YOU

by PAUL EIPPER

Photographs by HEDDA WALTHER

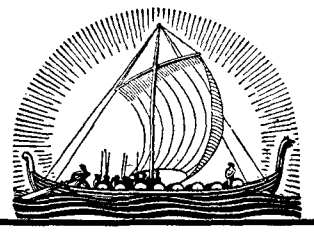
Go to your bookstore and ask to see a copy of this volume. Look at the pictures. Then read a random paragraph. Whether it be the story of the ape-man's weird song or of the war of the pelicans; of the mating of the animals or of the marvels of the sea; of the mourning elephant or of the demented polar bear, you will find beauty and a fascination that you never knew existed in an animal book. Heywood Broun says "his book carries you along with him in his almost rapturous experiences among animals both wild and kindly. Out of his own intense pleasure in his work he distils for you a vicarious enchantment. Incidentally, the photographs made by Hedda Walther are an enchantment in themselves." "This is to the non-fiction field of animal books what Kipling's 'Just-So Stories' were to the imaginative," says *The Montreal Star.*

Ernest Thompson Seton calls it "remarkable and valuable, new and extremely original." Thomas Mann, Gerhart Hauptmann, Jacob Wassermann, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, zoologists, critics, artists, pay tribute to this unique book.

$3.00 at all bookstores.

THE VIKING PRESS

18 East 48th Street, New York City



Your entertainment is now complete

The last volume has just appeared in *The Collected Works of Saki,* that irrepressible humorist whom Mrs. May Lamberton Becker described as "a habit rather than an author. Once you get it fastened on you, you'll read everything he wrote as fast as it comes out." In eight volumes, which you can buy singly or all together in a Christmas box, sparkles the wit of the author of whom Christopher Morley said: "No one is so morose or introvert that his tonsils cannot be wrung by Saki's arsenic merriment."

The favorite of favorites

Elinor Wylie was loud in her praise of his books; Alexander Woollcott still speaks of *Mrs. Packletide's Tiger* from *The Chronicles of Clovis* —the riotous tale of a dowager who did a hunting go; Elmer Davis, Edward Hope, Hugh Walpole, G. K. Chesterton, A. A. Milne, H. W. Nevinson, Maurice Baring, J. C. Squire—but why go on. Read for yourself, as samples of what lies in store for you, *The Schartz-Metterklume Method* from *Beasts and Super-Beasts*—the story of a debutante who accidentally became a governess; *The Background* from *The Chronicles of Clovis*—wherein a human being becomes a work of art and is therefore unexportable; *The Guests* from *The Toys of Peace*—the story of a Bishop who objected to a leopard having a meal in his bedroom; or any one of a hundred and some stories, two novels, several plays, sketches and introductions by leading English authors.

The Collected Works of SAKI

THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVIS
Introduction by A. A. MILNE

BEASTS AND SUPER-BEASTS
Introduction by H. W. NEVINSON

THE TOYS OF PEACE
Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON

THE UNBEARABLE BASSINGTON
Introduction by MAURICE BARING

REGINALD AND REGINALD IN RUSSIA
Introduction by HUGH WALPOLE

WHEN WILLIAM CAME
Introduction by LORD CHARNWOOD

THE SQUARE EGG
Introduction by J. C. SQUIRE
Biography by E. M. MUNRO

THE WESTMINSTER ALICE
Introduction by J. A. SPENDER
Illustrated by SIR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD

In a uniform edition
Boxed at $14.00 per set.
Separate volumes $1.75 each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIVE BOOKS

LAUGHING BOY

by OLIVER LAFARGE

"A first novel of sheer beauty and power." The Forum. "A true story of primitive love, admirably rendered, with that complete mastery over the material which conceals from the reader the profoundly studious extent of the writer's knowledge." Mary Austin $2.50

THE TRAGIC ERA

by CLAUDE G. BOWERS

"As interesting as any romance by Dumas or Stevenson, and containing some of the most lurid and poignant pages of American history yet penned. The hectic and melodramatic phases of the Reconstruction have never been described with such striking detail and such ability to recreate the past." The Atlantic. Illus., $5.00

THE LETTERS OF CECIL SPRING-RICE

This intimate biography of the most famous of British Ambassadors includes over twenty-five thousand words of unpublished Roosevelt letters. "He combined a genius for friendship with a gift of writing letters that make history live and will live in literature." London Times. 2 vols., illus. $10.00

THE GOTHICK NORTH

by SACHEVERELL SITWELL

A study of medieval life, art and thought. "Mr. Sitwell's book is so charmingly conceived and so brilliantly written that any reader might well content himself with the pictures created; but there is a further theme and that is his delicate tying up of that past period with today." N. Y. Times. Illustrated, $5.00.

ETHAN ALLEN

by JOHN PELL

Ethan Allen was more than a backwoods chieftain who emerged from the wilderness at the head of a band of uncouth adventurers, captured a fortress, shouted an epigram, and disappeared again into obscurity. John Pell has done full justice to one of the most picturesque Americans in a sound and lively biography.

Illustrated, $5.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Books of Special Interest

Problems of Heredity

HEREDITY AND PARENTHOOD. By SAMUEL CHRISTIAN SCHMUCKER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

IN spite of the flood of semi-popular scientific works—and also of popular semi-scientific works—on heredity, there is still room for a clear, succinct, and authoritative exposition of what really is known today on that complex subject. This Dr. Schmucker has given us, in what is really two books, bound as one; the first dealing with the problems of heredity in the most comprehensive sense, the second with the origin and evolution of sex and love, and the practical questions that all parents are called upon sooner or later to answer.

The first part of the work is a successful attempt to answer in simple language such questions as: Why are we what we are? Is our peculiar personal make-up the result of nature, or of nurture, or of a combination of both? How far is natural (hereditary) endowment subject to environmental (including educational) control or modification? "I suppose," says the author, "there is little doubt in the minds of most people, that, in a general way, most of our qualities can be accounted for by inheritance. 'He is a chip of the old block' is a common enough saying and belief. It is our peculiarities, our unexpected characteristics, that must be explained."

The modern study of "fraternal" and "identical" twins has thrown a flood of light upon the problem of heredity versus environment. Dr. Schmucker presents some highly interesting new data along these lines, derived from his own experiences with such twins, students at Teachers College.

The chapter on "The Problem of Alcohol," so vexed a question at this time, is discussed with the author's characteristic broad-mindedness and impartiality, and should be read with profit by all who are seeking light on this subject—which ought to mean all of us, for we are all vitally affected by it in one way or another. Closely connected with this same problem is the chapter "Is Criminality Inherited?" Both questions are highly complex, and no final answer can be given in so many words. There are almost as many theories of the cause of criminality as there are criminals; and the controversy anent alcohol is even more confused. "The one fundamental difficulty is," as Dr. Schmucker points out,

> that the problem is so tied up with our long held opinions and with our emotions that many of us feel our convictions are religious, and hence cannot be mistaken. To doubt them is blameworthy. To hold them open is in itself irreligious. We are so convinced of the righteousness of our cause that we are anxious to emphasize everything that looks in our direction and to set aside everything that looks as if it might point the other way.

Important data on both sides are presented by our author, however, with apparent impartiality, and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

* *

None of these questions can be dealt with intelligently unless due recognition is accorded the Mendelian laws and the general mechanism of transmission of heritable traits, so far as known. This question Dr. Schmucker handles admirably; if there has ever been written an easier approach to Mendelism than the one in this book, I, at least, have not found it. The same praise may be given the exposition of sexual evolution and the delicate human problems arising from the growing complexity of our modern life, where the author displays an open-mindedness and freedom from emotional bias that cannot be lauded too highly.

Very little fault can be found with this excellent popular work, aside from differences of opinion to which the author is as entitled as is the reviewer. It may, however, be mentioned that according to the latest researches Dr. Schmucker is in error in ascribing an actual lengthening of human life to "the sociologist and the hygienist." Professor C. H. Forsythe, of Dartmouth, has recently published graphs and data which show that this widely accepted view is a misconception—that "the average length of life in this country is now actually decreasing."

Another statement with which issue may properly be taken is Dr. Schmucker's fear of the social results of sterilization of the feeble-minded. As I pointed out recently in an article in *The American Mercury*, the researches of Popenoe and Gosney, the only real authorities on this subject, show no dire effects, at least in California, the chief testing ground of such experimentation.

These, however, are minor defects, in no way detracting from the value of this remarkably well written book. The theistic bias of the author may even be regarded as a recommendation (though it is sometimes unnecessarily intruded into purely scientific discussion), since it is the already theistically-inclined lay reader who is being addressed. On the whole, "Heredity and Parenthood," fully illustrated and well indexed, is undoubtedly the best popular work of its kind now in English print. It is to be hoped that it will offset the unfortunate effects of some other more or less recent treatises which seem to have been written purely from their authors' prejudices and predilections, rather than from actual study of the subject, as Dr. Schmucker's has been.

An Extraordinary Episode

THE BLOCKING OF ZEEBRUGGE. By CAPTAIN A. F. B. CARPENTER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS

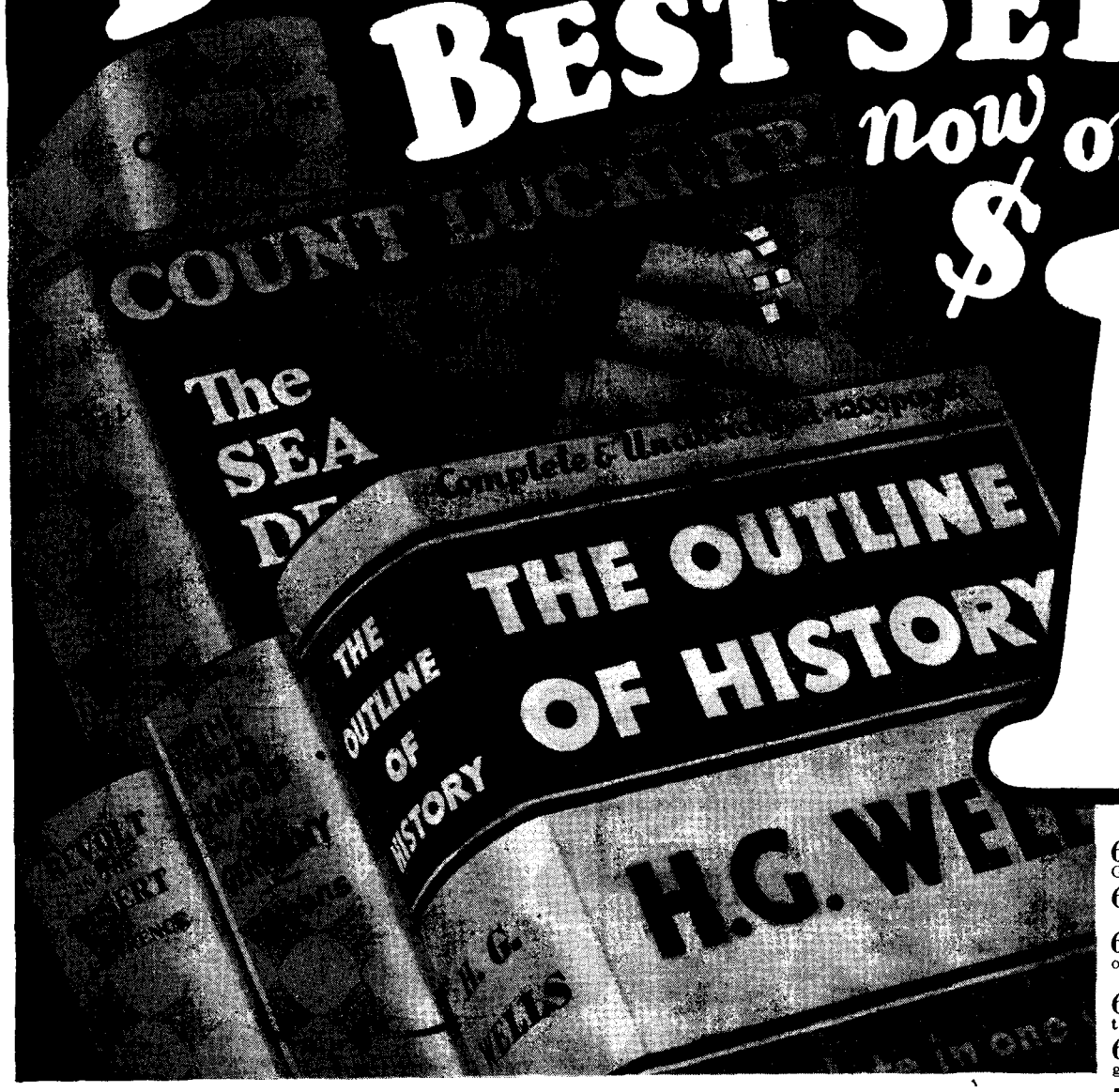
THE author trusts that the reader will be tolerant of omission and repetition, and will forgive the rather obvious shortcomings of a literary nature which appear all too frequently in the book." A judicious reader will take the author at his word, read straight ahead with the story, and enjoy the spirited details of one of the most extraordinary episodes of the war. Although undertaken for a carefully considered purpose and with the most thoroughgoing study and preparation of the seafaring problems it involved, the blocking of Zeebrugge was a splendid shindy of the sort an intricate and highly mechanized war could rarely offer: an old-fashioned adventure, recalling the Spanish Main rather than the wireless and submarine setting of 1918.

It having been decreed that the blocking of the tiny port would seriously hamper the operation of German U-boats in the Channel, the Dover Patrol had to face the problem of bringing good-sized vessels inside a harbor protected by mine-fields, torpedo boats, and fortress artillery, with a breakwater garnished with six-inch guns lying directly in front. Having achieved these impossibilities, the ships would have to steam in between the jetties of a narrow river entrance—again under artillery fire at close range—and sink themselves in such a way as to block the channel. It was altogether fitting that one of the three old cruisers chosen for the task bore the name of Iphigenia, and that the assault should be opened not by battleships but by motor boats and launches spreading smoke screens. Although attempted more than once in previous wars, no such thing had ever succeeded, and the layout of the ground in this case seemed to offer every reasonable prospect of failure. Nevertheless, one rainy night in the spring of 1918, the cruiser *Vindictive* appeared out of the darkness some three-hundred yards off the Zeebrugge mole,—with motor boats shooting back and forth between distributing smoke screens, and with the 6-inch German battery at point blank range. In the resulting excitement, the *Vindictive* steamed past the battery, made fast to the mole and landed storming parties. With her hull sheltered by the mole, the cruiser thereupon engaged battle with everything in sight, and with every variety of weapon, from flame throwers to field howitzers, while for good measure an old submarine loaded with high explosive gently rammed herself in under the trestle connecting the mole with the mainland. Having emerged into lifeboats, her crew thereupon blew to pieces the submarine and the trestle over her. In the midst of these fireworks, the three old cruisers made their way in between the jetties and deftly blew out their bottoms across the channel, sealing up effectively the German submarines moored in the river:—to cap the climax the crews made their way outside in rafts with almost no casualties. The smaller craft still covered by smoke screens then drew off from the fray to a rendezvous outside. The *Vindictive* having remained there for an hour, drew off from the mole with the help of two Liverpool ferry-boats and again at point blank range of the 6-inch guns, passed safely out to sea, joined up with the rest of the quaint Armada, and returned under her own steam to Dover.

It is as a dashing feat of arms that the story offers its main interest, but the author nevertheless discerns the true moral: even the most complete technical apparatus will collapse in the confusion and bewilderment of surprise and what happens then turns—as in the year 1—upon the human factor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These $2.50 to $5.00 BEST SELLERS now only $1 each



Imagine getting that world-famous best-seller, WELLS' *OUTLINE OF HISTORY*, unabridged, 1,200 pages, with all the original maps, illustrations, etc., published originally at $5.00—*for only one dollar!* Also *Count Luckner, the Sea Devil; Revolt in the Desert*; *The Red Knight of Germany*; *Trader Horn*—great non-fiction masterpieces which the Star Dollar Books now put within your reach—a whole library of the world's best books at $1 a volume.

Which of these 89 Full Library Size Books Do You Want to Examine FREE?

Each volume is 5 ½ by 8¼ inches, handsomely bound in cloth, beautifully printed—the greatest book value to be had anywhere. Select from the brief descriptions below and get them at your bookshop—or check the numbers you want on the FREE EXAMINATION COUPON and mail it WITHOUT MONEY.

1. MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON—*Anonymous.* America's leaders after the war. Former price, $2.50

5. SCIENCE REMAKING THE WORLD—*Otis W. Caldwell* and *Edwin E. Slosson.* How Science has revolutionized our lives. Former price, $2.50

6. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Former price, $2.00

7. A BOOK OF OPERAS—*Henry E. Krehbiel.* Former price, $2.50

9. EDGE OF THE JUNGLE—*William Beebe.* Exploration in Guiana jungles. Former price, $2.00

10. LOVE CONQUERS ALL—*Robert C. Benchley.* Ribald, glorious comedy. Former price, $2.00

11. COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE—*Judge Ben B. Lindsey* and *Wainright Evans.* The famous champion of youth pleads for the new social attitude and replies to his critics. Former price, $3.00

12. THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY—*Mrs. Bertrand Russell.* A frank protest against Puritanical standards in morality, religion and sex. Former price, $3.00

13. CLEOPATRA—*Claude Ferval.* The glory and wretchedness of old Egypt. Former price, $2.50

15. IN BRIGHTEST AFRICA—*Carl E. Akeley.* Observation and life in African wilds. Former price, $2.50

18. HAUNCH, PAUNCH AND JOWL—*Samuel Ornitz.* An epic of New York gangsters and politics of the nineties. Former price, $3.00

19. THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY—*H. G. Wells.* The masterwork of the popular novelist and social historian throws new light on the history of mankind. 1,200 pages, with the original maps, diagrams and illustrations. Former price, $5.00

21. RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE—*Captain Robert E. Lee.* Former price, $5.00

22. THE LIFE OF PASTEUR—*D. Vallery-Rudot.* A sympathetic portrait of the great French bacteriologist. Former price, $3.00

23. ASTRONOMY FOR EVERYBODY—*Prof. S. Newcomb.* Former price, $2.50

26. MY CHILDHOOD—*Maxim Gorky.* Poverty, bitterness and struggle molded the early life of this great Russian. Former price, $3.00

27. LINCOLN'S OWN STORIES—*Anthony Gross.* Anecdotes and fine humor reveal his kindly nature. Former price, $2.00

28. BY CAMEL AND CAR TO THE PEACOCK THRONE—*E. Alexander Powell.* A dangerous trip through the brigand-infested part of Hither Asia and the Bible country. Former price, $3.00

29. A SECOND BOOK OF OPERAS—*Henry E. Krehbiel.* Former price, $2.25

30. CIRCUS PARADE—*Jim Tully.* The hobo-author of *Beggars of Life* (No. 71) lays bare his odd adventures with an itinerant troupe. Former price, $2.50

31. FOUR MONTHS AFOOT IN SPAIN—*Harry A. Franck.* Former price, $3.00

32. OF ALL THINGS—*Robert C. Benchley.* Skits and periods by one of America's great humorists. Former price, $1.75

33. FAERY LANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—*Hall and Nordhoff.* The lure of the South Pacific. Former price, $4.00

34. SHANDYGAFF—*Christopher Morley.* A collection of his best essays. Former price, $2.00

35. THE NEW BOOK OF ETIQUETTE—*Lillian Eichler.* Former price, $4.00

36. BIRD NEIGHBORS—*Neltje Blanchan.* Birds, their habits and how to know them. Former price, $5.00

37. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI—Translated by *J. Addington Symonds.* Artist, lover, debauchee, duelist, Cellini reveals himself with unabashed candor. Former price, $8.50

38. NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—*Philip Gibbs.* Startling revelations of a war observer. Former price, $3.00

39. THE LOG OF THE SUN—*William Beebe.* A year with nature out-of-doors. Former price, $6.00

40. "DAWGS"—*Charles Wright Gray.* Stories of dogs by O. Henry, Booth Tarkington, Albert Payson Terhune, etc. Former price, $2.50

42. ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER—*Captain Canot. As told to Brantz Mayer.* Account of the barbaric adventures of an admiral of fortune and suave desperado. Former price, $4.00

43. THE SECOND EMPIRE—*Philip Guedalla.* A brilliant chronicle of Bonapartism and the days of Napoleon III. Former price, $5.00

44. A BOOK OF PREFACES—*H. L. Mencken.* Some unconventional views on Conrad, Dreiser, Huneker and Puritanism. Former price, $2.50

45. CATHERINE THE GREAT—*Katherine Anthony.* A revelatory picture of the Empress of nations and the mistress of men. Former price, $4.00

47. TRAMPING ON LIFE—*Harry Kemp.* An amazingly frank "hobo" autobiography. Former price, $3.00

48. JOSEPH PULITZER—*Don C. Seitz.* The romantic career of America's great journalist and philanthropist. Former price, $5.00

50. SIX YEARS IN THE MALAY JUNGLE—*Carveth Wells.* Astonishing and unbelievable, but true. Former price, $3.00

51. THE COMMON SENSE OF HEALTH—*Stanley M. Rinehart, M.D.* Sound, practical advice. Former price, $2.50

52. THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID—*Walter Noble Burns.* A bad man and a killer, but his story is part of the Great Southwest. Former price, $2.50

53. FAMOUS TRAILS OF HISTORY—*Lord Birkenhead.* Former price, $4.00

54. AMERICA—*George Philip Krapp.* An enthralling story—history of our country. Former price, $2.50

55. THE CONQUEST OF FEAR—*Basil King.* This book has helped 100,000 people to rise above fear. Former price, $2.00

56. TRAINING FOR POWER AND LEADERSHIP—*Grenville Kleiser.* The qualifications for success and how to acquire them. Former price, $3.00

57. THE BOOK OF LETTERS—*Mary Owens Crowther.* Etiquette of correspondence in both business and social letters. Former price, $2.00

58. THE NEW DECALOGUE OF SCIENCE—*Albert E. Wiggam.* How to understand science. Former price, $3.00

59. THE BOOK OF WOODCRAFT—*Ernest T. Seton.* Former price, $2.00

60. NATURE'S GARDEN—*Neltje Blanchan.* Wild flowers and the insects that visit them. Former price, $5.00

61. THE MAUVE DECADE—*Thomas Beer.* The romance of the 1890's. Former price, $3.50

63. PAUL BUNYAN—*James Stephens.* The legend of the North Woods hero. Former price, $2.50

64. JUNGLE DAYS—*William Beebe.* Fascinating jungle life in British Guiana. Former price, $3.00

65. THE ART OF LAWN TENNIS—*William T. Tilden, 2nd.* Former price, $2.00

67. A STORY TELLER'S STORY—*Sherwood Anderson.* The autobiography of a Mid-West genius. Former price, $3.00

68. LONDON RIVER—*H. M. Tomlinson.* The foreshore of London and the romance of ships. Former price, $2.50

69. EDGAR ALLAN POE—*C. Alphonso Smith.* A misunderstood literary genius. Former price, $2.50

70. THE FABULOUS FORTIES—*Meade Minnigerode.* The decade of the covered wagon, the gold rush, the Mormons and hoopskirts. Former price, $3.50

71. BEGGARS OF LIFE—*Jim Tully.* Gusty experience as a hobo. Former price, $3.00

72. A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY—*Irvin Cobb.* His favorite anecdotes. Former price, $2.50

73. SUPERS AND SUPERMEN—*Philip Guedalla.* Arresting essays on Frederick the Great, Louis Phillipe and many others. Former price, $2.50

74. TODAY AND TOMORROW—*Henry Ford* in collaboration with *Samuel Crowther.* Ford looks to the future. Former price, $3.50

75. MURDER FOR PROFIT—*William Bolitho.* True tales of professional murderers. Former price, $2.50

76. A PARODY OUTLINE OF HISTORY—*Donald Ogden Stewart.* Former price, $2.00

77. THE NEW AGE OF FAITH—*J. Langdon-Davies.* What science knows of the race question. Former price, $2.50

78. THE NEWGATE CALENDAR—*Anonymous.* Confessions of notorious criminals of Newgate prison, salty and unconsciously funny. Former price, $3.50

79. EDISON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK—*G. S. Bryan.* Former price, $4.00

80. THE SEVEN AGES OF WASHINGTON—*Owen Wister.* The author of THE VIRGINIANS humanizes Washington. Former price, $2.00

81. THE MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION—*Everett Dean Martin.* What is education? Here is the true meaning of culture. Former price, $3.00

82. EMINENT VICTORIANS—*Lytton Strachey.* Portraits of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Florence Nightingale, Cardinal Manning and General Gordon of Khartoum. Former price, $3.50

83. REVOLT IN THE DESERT—*T. E. Lawrence.* The greatest single-handed feat of the war. Former price, $5.00

85. THE STORY OF MY LIFE—*Sir Harry H. Johnston,* Empire builder, explorer, scientist, linguist, painter and writer. Former price, $5.00

86. PSYCHOANALYSIS AND LOVE—*Andre Tridon.* Vital facts of the human passions. Former price, $2.50

87. STUDIES IN MURDER—*Edmund L. Pearson.* Former price, $3.00

88. WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS: HIS LIFE AND WORK—*Marie D. Gorgas* and *Burton J. Hendrick.* The famous Surgeon General who conquered yellow fever. Former price, $5.00

89. HOW TO LIVE—*Arnold Bennett.* The prescription for a happy life. Former price, $5.50

90. ABRAHAM LINCOLN—*Lord Charnwood.* Charnwood's biography if one of the greatest of our time. Former price, $3.00

91. FATHERS OF THE REVOLUTION—*Philip Guedalla.* Washington, Adams, Jefferson and other great figures. Former price, $3.50

92. DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE—*D. G. Somervell.* Englishmen both, arch enemies, but builders of Empire. Former price, $3.50

93. CREATIVE CHEMISTRY—*Edwin E. Slosson.* The wonders of modern chemistry explained for the non-technical reader. Former price, $3.00

94. HEAD HUNTERS OF THE AMAZON—*F. W. Updegraff.* Thrilling sights never before witnessed by a white man. Former price, $5.00

95. GENTLEMAN JOHNNY BURGOYNE—*F. J. Huddleston.* Misadventures of a likable English General in the Revolution. Former price, $5.00

96. TRADER HORN—*Aloysius P. Horn* and *Ethelreda Lewis.* Trafficker in ivory, collector of gorillas, and admiral of a cannibal fleet. Former price, $4.00

97. THE FRUIT OF THE FAMILY TREE—*Albert Edward Wiggam.* Astounding discoveries about heredity. Former price, $3.00

98. WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS—*Frederick O'Brien.* The curse of white civilization that burdens these happy children of nature. Former price, $5.00

99. THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LOVE AND LIFE—*Joseph Collins, M.D.* Sex ignorance and its dangers. Former price, $3.00

100. BOB, SON OF BATTLE—*Alfred Olliphant.* The immortal story of a sheepdog of the bleak English moors. Former price, $2.50

101. "HOSSES"—Compiled by *Charles Wright Gray.* A collection of the best stories about them by Zane Grey, Donn Byrne and 15 other writers. Former price, $2.50

102. PERFECT BEHAVIOR—*Donald Ogden Stewart,* A ridiculously funny parody on etiquette books. Former price, $2.00

103. ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT—*David Grayson.* Life seems more sunny after adventuring with this philosopher. Former price, $2.00

104. COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL—*Lowell Thomas.* The gallant adventurer who, in an old schooner, sank fourteen allied ships without loss of a single life. Former price, $2.50

105. THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY—*Floyd Gibbons.* The vivid story of Baron von Richthofen, the greatest of German war aviators. Former price, $2.50

SEND NO MONEY--10 Days Free Examination

To Prove the Amazing Value of this $1. Offer

—Read these books for 10 days—PAYING NOTHING IN ADVANCE—OR TO THE POSTMAN. Use the coupon to check the titles you want, and mail it to us at once. Then, when you are convinced that these are actually $2.50 to $5.00 best sellers, send us only $1, plus 10 cents postage, for each title you keep. If you do not think this the biggest book-value you ever saw, return the volumes without paying a cent. The editions of many titles are limited. Don't delay. GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 311, Garden City, N. Y.

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 311, Garden City, New York.

Please send me the STAR DOLLAR BOOKS encircled below for 10 days' FREE EXAMINATION. It is understood that I will send you $1, plus 10 cents postage, for each volume, or I may return any or all the books without being obligated in any way.

(Encircle number of books you want)

1	5	6	7	9	10	11	12	13	15	18	19	21	22	23	26	27
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	42	43	44	45
47	48	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	63	64	65
67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83
85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101
102	103	104	105													

Name.....

Address.....

CANADIAN ORDERS should be accompanied by remittance in full, including 10c per volume postage charges.....$1.10 per book

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Vedic Teachings

THE VEDANTA AND MODERN THOUGHT. By W. S. URQUHART. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1929.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

LONG ago Max Müller said at the Berlin Congress of Religions, "Vedic teachings may bring us very near to the earliest Christian philosophy, and help us to understand it as it was understood by the great teachers of Alexandria"; and it was a constant thought of Bishop Westcott, who devoted the greater part of a long life to the study of the Fourth Gospel, that we should not understand it in the West until India had made her contribution to its study. It was with such thoughts in mind that Dr. Urquhart, now Vice-Chancellor of the University of Calcutta and Professor of Philosophy in Duff's great college, has made this study. It is the ninth in a series of books known as The Religious Quest of India, which, with two other series, was planned some two decades ago by Dr. J. N. Farquhar, late professor of "Comparative Religion" at Manchester. After long residence as a missionary in India Dr. Farquhar determined to make missionary literature respectable, and enlisted an able group of writers, and the help of the Oxford University Press. The series has proved itself of great value to many besides missionaries, and will be found in any good library.

The present volume is a worthy successor to Dr. Farquhar's own "Outline of the Religious Literature of India," Macnicol's "Indian Theism," and James Hope Moulton's "Treasure of the Magi." It deals with the greatest and most typical of Indian systems of thought. India is incurably Vedantic. "As the ocean has only one taste, so there is only one reality"; this is the essence of the Upanishads: "As the ocean has only one taste, so my religion has only one essence, salvation from suffering," said the Buddha. These two great systems, the one belonging to about the eighth century B.C. and the other to the sixth century, are the sources for the Vedanta of Sankara, who lived in southern India in the eighth and ninth centuries of our era.

> He asserts one reality, and only one, for there is no such thing as plurality or difference anywhere, and, therefore, no beginning and no ending, nothing but that nearest experience which comes to each one of us, the consciousness of the self, intelligent just because it is conscious, but essentially universal rather than individual. . . . If we can negate the world we shall find that the world is well lost, for there is really no world, no individuality to lose, nothing but the all-pervading, eternal, infinite Reality, the fundamental, self-luminous Being.

This clearly is a system related to Western idealism and especially to that of Fichte, who carries his idealism to the same length as Sankara, finding in the world only appearance and illusion. These affinities and others with the Hegelians and with Spinoza Dr. Urquhart traces in a learned and yet readable way; and while it may seem as if the book were only for the student of philosophy, there is so much monism in the air, that writers untrained in this field are rather naïvely offering it to us in place of the old theocratic conception of the universe, so that this book cannot but be a useful tonic to all who feel that the personalist interpretation of things is no longer tenable.

Dr. Urquhart, anxious as he is to find in this typical Indian system the foundation-stone for an Indian Christianity, has made such a trenchant criticism of it that one wonders whether what is left is really to be reckoned with. For the Fourth Gospel, with its doctrine of the indwelling Logos, has already emphasized for all intelligent Christians the *indwelling* God, while emphasizing still more strongly the Divine transcendence, and leaving therefore ample room for human freedom and initiative. In contrast with this invigorating Hebraic thought, that of Vedantic India results, says Dr. Urquhart, in

> a dreamlike attitude to life, along with that sense of futility which attaches to dreams and the consequent evaporation of ideals. The ethical life is thus robbed of the necessary energy for dealing with it, and because this life belongs essentially to the sphere of duality, we are required altogether to pass beyond it in reaching the goal of identity. The distinction between good and evil ceases to be the most urgent of contrasts, and presents itself not so much as a stimulus to effort as an opportunity for acquiescence.

While, then, we may agree that the Vedanta may be useful in calling the Christian back to the mystic sense of oneness with the universe, which is a need of some exceptionally constituted individuals, on the whole it is truer to the facts to believe that the normal waking consciousness is the channel for communion with the Divine, and that "flight from the world is flight from God, its Creator." These words of Dr. Tagore Dr. Urquhart quotes with approval, and he offers to India Christ as the Giver of Life abundant.

The critical scholar might urge that this admirable book would have done better to pay more attention to Ramanuja than to Sankara, for he, living three centuries later, seems to have come even more definitely under the influence of Christian thought. It is well known that the Syrian Church was particularly strong in southern India, and Ramanuja, with his great emphasis upon devotional love to God, declared that he would rather see India embrace Hinduism than follow the rigorous monism of Sankara. His own system is therefore a modified form of this idealism, making room for the demands of the human heart, whatever the human head may say: man, being a person, requires a personal God.

Many of us would indeed claim that the recognition of personal values is also better philosophy, for man can only think in anthromorphic terms, and it is better to be fully anthropomorphic than partly so. Why think of the universe as pure thought, when we may also think of it as thought, will, and emotion? The Upanishads call it ultimate reality, *ananda*, joy, as well as *chit*, consciousness, it is true; but however this may be, a very small number of Indian thinkers follow Ramanuja, even though followers of the Vedanta. The vast majority see in Sankara the fine flower of Indian philosophy and religious thought, which made the Vedanta the basis for every religious sect.

This book then is profound yet readable. In spite of misprints, it is worthy of the University Press from which it comes, and Indian readers will note with approval the increasing tendency amongst such writers as Dr. Urquhart to sit at the feet of Indian scholars. Of the books of which he has mostly availed himself, more than half are by Indian writers.

Jewish Achievement

JEWISH INFLUENCE IN MODERN THOUGHT. By A. A. ROBACK. Cambridge, Mass.: Sci-Art Publishers. 1929.

IF it is Dr. Roback's purpose in this industrious compilation to demonstrate the versatility and virtuosity of achievemennt among the notables of Jewish racial origin —however much or little influenced by the cultural embodiment of Jewish learning and tradition—he has accomplished his purpose. No critical student has questioned the high intellectual endowment of the Jew, nor that it is carried on as an hereditary superiority, markedly reinforced by the marriage restrictions which have until recently been strictly observed through the many generations of the wanderings of the chosen people. Mathematics, physics, medicine, philosophy, music, drama, art, finance,—their ability covers a wide circle of arts and sciences.

But there runs through Dr. Roback's contribution a strong undercurrent of protest against the reluctance with which such attainments have been recognized and the prejudices encountered by members of the Jewish race in finding a place in the social order commensurate with their powers. Accompanying it is the direct charge that the nation in which the eminent Jew finds his habitat, claims the glory. It is certainly questionable whether anything is gained by these contentions; they are neither socially helpful nor logically defensible, however biologically sound. When Sara Bernhardt expresses her genius in the traditions of the French stage and becomes an integral part of it, we may concede that her powers were racially determined while yet her career is Gallic consummation.

The case of Freud and the Jewish responsibility for psycho-analysis is discussed at length (as Dr. Roback is a psychologist) with critical appreciation. It alone raises the issue of a mutual influence between the racial and the adopted tradition. Dr. Roback can hardly expect any wide interest in the problems which have absorbed his attention. The book is more acceptable as a record than as propaganda in behalf of a complex social problem, which must be approached and considered with far broader perspective and a more objective tolerance than he displays.

Eileen H. A. and J. C. Squire have dramatized Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice." An English critic, writing of their effort, says: "A pious exercise, but were it more, were it the best possible play that could be made out of the novel, our conclusion, we are persuaded, would still be that Jane Austen's place is between the book-covers. Her comedy is not robust enough for the theatre."

NEW MACMILLAN FALL BOOKS

John R. Oliver's New Book

FOUR SQUARE

By the Author of VICTIM and VICTOR

The magnetic qualities which led to the Novel Jury's unanimous recommendation of *Victim and Victor* for the Pulitzer Prize are inherent in this story of the author's own life as a criminologist, physician, scholar, clergyman and novelist. $2.50

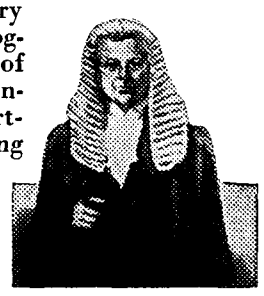
"Of Intense Human Interest"

FOR THE DEFENCE

The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall

by Edward Marjoribanks

IF YOU could put half a dozen of America's most spectacular criminal lawyers in the same courtroom together, you would have some notion of what Marshall Hall looked like in action. He was the greatest criminal lawyer who ever mesmerized an English jury to save a culprit's neck. This story of his life is beyond biography — it is the finest of detective stories, romantic fiction, tense courtroom drama—all sweeping along with irresistible action and suspense. "A subject in a million"—*J. B. Priestley.* $5.00



Exquisite Etchings

By John Taylor Arms

THE CHURCHES OF FRANCE

Text by Dorothy Noyes Arms

Beautiful reproductions of the work of one of America's foremost etchers. An original etching is bound in the limited edition.

Regular edition $20.00
Limited edition $100.00

Popular New Novels

THE WHIRLWIND

By William Stearns Davis 2nd Printing

"Unceasingly interesting. The construction and style are excellent, and the complicated plot has been admirably managed . . . One of the best, most vivid and most dramatic among recent historical novels."—*New York Times* $2.50

THE SUBTLE TRAIL

Joseph Gollomb's New Mystery

Galt. the "Goldfish," of *The Portrait Invisible*, solves a murder. *2nd Printing.* $2.00

A Timely Book

PALESTINE TODAY and TOMORROW

By John Haynes Holmes

"The most understanding book that has been written about Palestine." — *Dr. Stephen S. Wise* *Just Out* $2.50

THIS WORLD OF NATIONS

By Pitman B. Potter

How the world is organized and operated, lucidly explained. $4.00

Much Discussed Books on Science

THE UNIVERSE AROUND US

By Sir James Jeans $4.50

The NATURE of the PHYSICAL WORLD
SCIENCE and the UNSEEN WORLD

By A. S. Eddington $3.75 and $1.25 each

No more readable, interesting, important accounts of the modern scientific outlook have been published in our time.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 Fifth Avenue ~ NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OUTSTANDING BIOGRAPHY OF THE YEAR

QUEEN ELIZABETH

by Katharine Anthony

author of *Catherine the Great*

"We see her dancing, flirting, swearing, jesting, boxing the ears of her councilors, signing their death warrants, suffering, dying, and dead . . . For the full and intimate characterization in which Miss Anthony attains to the highest standards of the new biography, there can be nothing but praise."—*The New York Times.* With 16 full page plates. $4

BORGIA

by Zona Gale

author of *Miss Lulu Bett*

Here is the first full length novel in three years by one of the foremost writers in America. In this story of Marfa Manchester and her strange obsessions, reality and mystery are fascinatingly interwoven to give us one of the most unusual novels of the year. $2.50

PANSIES

by D. H. Lawrence

D.H. Lawrence's first book of new poems in six years. The 300 "pensées" may be praised, censored (as they were in England), or decried, but never ignored. They reveal the author of *Sons and Lovers* in his lighter, but none the less enduring moments. $2.50

THOMAS BEER'S GREATEST BOOK

HANNA

An exciting and revealing biography of Mark Hanna, "president-maker" and symbol of adolescent America from 1865-1904. The inside political drama and original characters of the age Mr. Beer immortalized in *The Mauve Decade.* $4

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP

by Willa Cather

illustrated by Harold von Schmidt

In this beautiful holiday de luxe edition, Miss Cather's classic finds an ideal setting. Her story of two missionary priests in the Spanish Southwest has been recognized as a masterpiece. $5

THE JADE MOUNTAIN

by Witter Bynner and Dr. Kiang Kang-Hu

The most perfect translation ever made of these 311 poems from the T'ang Dynasty. "What the Chinese themselves believe to be the very cream of an art to which their best minds have dedicated themselves for thousands of years."—Babette Deutsch, in *The New York Herald Tribune.* $3.50

CORA

by Ruth Suckow

"The first intelligent picture of what we would call a modern woman is given in Ruth Suckow's new and finely written novel *Cora.*"—Tom Davin, in *Today in New York. "Cora* is an achievement which surpasses anything Miss Suckow has ever accomplished."—*The Philadelphia Public Ledger.* $2.50

INDIAN EARTH

by Witter Bynner

One of America's most distinguished troubadours sings of the colorful, Indian Southwest and interprets the strange dances of the Navajo Indians. "*Indian Earth* has earned the recognition it is likely to receive from the soil that produced it."—Mary Austin in *The New York Herald Tribune.* $2.50

At all book shops

BORZOI BOOKS

ALFRED·A·KNOPF

730 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Dollar Poets

BANDS AND REBELS. By KEENE WALLIS. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1929. $1.
NEARER THE BONE. By CHARLES A. WAGNER. The same.
ANGEL ARMS. By KENNETH FEARING. The same.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THESE are three of the first four volumes issued by a young publishing house at what is practically a new price. (The fourth volume, "Compass Rose," by Elizabeth Coatsworth, has been reviewed separately in these columns.) Were the books less good than they are, the publishers would still be entitled to congratulation, for it is time that books of poems—and especially small books—were not sold in price-competition with bulky novels. To publish a series of poetic volumes at one dollar requires taste as well as courage, and this series starts with both. Brightly bound, boldly printed, the format rouses hopeful enthusiasm—and earnest prayers.

The contents, however, and not the cover, constitute the test. Here the publishers come off not quite so well. Miss Coatsworth's collection has been praised already, and the three young men who appear simultaneously deserve to be represented in a series somewhat aggressively entitled, "Songs of To-day." Two of the authors (Kenneth Fearing and Keene Wallis) make their début, the third (Charles A. Wagner) is somewhat more experienced, though his approach is the more traditional.

Kenneth Fearing is the most obviously unusual of the trio. Unusual and uncompromising. His manner is hard and tense; it is dry, closely-bitten, almost anti-poetic. "Aphrodite Metropolis," "The Drinkers," "Minnie and Mrs. Hoyne," are "songs" only by virtue of the series; a title like "Jack Knuckles Falters But Reads His Own Statement at His Execution while Wardens Watch," is typical of the volume. The lines drop continually into a broken, impressionistic prose (when they manage to rise above it); they wear their journalistic heart on jaunty, if somewhat soiled, lapels. Imagine a combination of headlines from the *Graphic*, a plot by Morley Callaghan, conversation by Ernest Hemingway—and you have the receipt for a poem by Kenneth Fearing. The pitch is held down, the action keyed up. This is to say that Mr. Fearing achieves a vivid, nearer-the-bone style (a pity that he didn't borrow Mr. Wagner's title) with something of the excitement contained in the new fiction about gangsters, gyps, hijackers, But at present he wavers between his choice of mediums; he approximates but is neither W. R. Burnett nor Joseph Moncure March.

Mr. Wallis's style is more of a compromise. His idiom is a queer blend of fresh phrases and stale periods. The stories he tells are racy enough—there are seven of them in "Bands and Rebels"—but he forces them (or his metric forces them) into contortions that have something in common with the much despised inversions. "Spoiling on His Hands" is typical. The vernacular, a difficult rhyme-scheme, and outworn poeticisms are joined, but they refuse to unite. The result is a triumph of incongruity. For example, this, the finale:

Conviction which was violent and heady
possessed him at the crisis of his woe,
but wishing he were quit of this already,
yet vowed to see it through and keeping steady,
he waited till the final blast should blow,
to go back home, clean up and get all ready
and take a Goddamned female to a show.

As stories, Mr. Wallis's narratives are effective and, at times, affecting. "Coal Black Jesus" is possibly the most pictorially realized, and "Dark of the Moon" has plenty of gas-house, night-lunchroom atmosphere. But, for all his adjectives, Mr. Wallis's tales do not move with that combination of surprise and surety which should mark the rhymed story, which, for instance, characterize the work of another newcomer, James Whaler. They are a little too conscious of their own drama, a little too aware of their robustiousness.

Mr. Wagner's is an even queerer composite. Unlike Mr. Wallis and Mr. Fearing, he writes almost entirely in lyrics, lyrics that range from the soberly contemplative to the thickly sentimental. When Mr. Wagner is good, he is clear-voiced, when he is—what he is half the time, his utterance is not merely juvenile but adenoidal. Mixed or wild metaphors fall from him as lushly as:

Your limbs are made softer by a syrup of rebellion
Encircling your shining phrases and brittle words.

Pathetic fallacies step upon one another's hurried heels, some of them as bathetic as:

And when he heard
The planet's cries
As tears of stars
Fell from their eyes.

At other times it is difficult to tell whether Mr. Wagner's Muse is grimly Masefieldian or, like Beerbohm-Tree's "Hamlet," funny without being vulgar. I have read the following stanza half a dozen times, and I still cannot decide whether Mr. Wagner wants the reader to weep silently or scream with laughter:

Their days were sweet as angel's toes,
Ten little days of gold and rose,
Ten little tears that fell like stars
Across a sky of deeper scars,
And Collins, walking home with Eva,
Was butchered by a madman's cleaver.

But Mr. Wagner is rarely as heart-rending and side-splitting as this. For the most part, he writes respectable, if rather facile, verse. Once in a while he attains a more perilous level; such poems as "Autumn Found Me," "The Unknown Soldier," "Roads" maintain in execution the poetic impetus of their conception. At present, Mr. Wagner is embarrassed by the readiness of his fountain pen. Were he to curb his fluent rhymes he might gain more than fluency. He has possibilities in several directions.

And so have his fellow-starters. All three deserve watching. Meanwhile, one hopes that the other contributors to this series (and there must be others) will be as provocative.

At the end of November the Vienna Burgtheater will give the première of Gerhart Hauptmann's two new one-act dramas, "Die Schwarze Maske" and "Hexenritt." They will be produced under the title of "Spuk." The Vienna production will precede that under Max Reinhardt in Berlin. Both plays are of a fantastic nature. Hauptmann will attend the final rehearsals, and a ring will be given him by the Vienna Union of Writers and Journalists, "Concordia."

Way Down South in Dixie

CAN'T GET A RED BIRD. By DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

MISS SCARBOROUGH has gone back to an early love in her new novel, for her first venture into the field of fiction was called "In the Land of Cotton" and dealt with the fortunes of a family of Texas cotton growers, and the present book is even more a story of the growing and marketing of one of the country's most important—and most risky crops. Long before the present agitation about farm relief the cotton farmers tried to help themselves with coöperatives, which are still functioning satisfactorily in many localities. Miss Scarborough has dramatized this episode in the agricultural history of the country and thorough research has given her book an authenticity that should make it acceptable to the most critical authorities.

As the skeleton for the telling of this story of cotton, Miss Scarborough has chosen the rise in the world of the strong son of tenant farmers. Johnny Carr, of Irish ancestry, is born strong, even if he hasn't many other advantages, and he sets out to lick circumstances. He has won several rounds when a girl called Honey comes into the picture. He wins Honey and they rear a family, while Johnny is learning much about the right kind of farming. He is in the midst of the coöperative marketing agitation, and puts all he has into it. He travels far in more ways than one, and we leave him without Honey, who has died, still determined to fight the battles of the farmers.

Miss Scarborough's romance is simple and old-fashioned; Johnny and Honey love each other unselfishly and devotedly and bring up a family amid dire struggles in a manner that once seemed to be fairly popular in America. They are not exceptional people, but both are credible. The chief merit of the book, however, lies in its accurate depiction of conditions among cotton farmers; Miss Scarborough has preached a sermon through a readable story. Her novel lacks the literary merit of some recent stories of farm life, but it is soundly grounded and truthful. It is enlivened with a number of folk-songs, which she knows so well, among them one that furnishes the book with its odd title.

Essays by James G. Huneker
selected, with an introduction
by H. L. Mencken

"A timely and valuable compilation. It represents most of Huneker's best work. . . . Mencken's introduction is one of the best things he has done."—*New York Evening Post.* $3.50

The Plays of J. M. Barrie
Complete in one volume

"Should be on the shelves of every theatre-goer, every student of the modern drama, and every collector of theatricana."
—*Boston Transcript.*

Twenty plays, 891 pages. $5.00

Adventurous America
A Study of Contemporary Life and Thought
by Edwin Mims
author of "Sidney Lanier," etc.

The progress of modern America toward an even better civilization as shown by specific stories of men, communities, and events. An enthusiastic and significant book. $2.50

The New Book by America's Best-Loved Author

The Man Behind the Book
by
Henry van Dyke
author of "Chosen Poems," etc.

A new volume of literary appraisal and interpretation by this wise and sane critic—"Essays in Understanding" from the hand of a writer whose judgments represent not opinions merely but the application of reasoned standards.

The author considers the personality and work of men so diverse as Chaucer, Edgar Lee Masters, Poe, and Whitman, and takes up the work of modern writers such as Thornton Wilder and Willa Cather.

"A book for which many have been waiting . . . designed, and well, to help those who would read understandingly, who would judge intelligently. . . . An entertaining collection of essays, examples of the strong lure of pure, masterfully handled English and interesting facts."—*Portland Express.*

Cloth, $2.50. *Leather gift edition,* $3.00

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

The Life of Lady Byron
by
Ethel Colburn Mayne
author of "Byron," etc.

"With admirable tact and courageous frankness Miss Mayne has accomplished a difficult task. She has made wholly explicable the heretofore baffling figure of Annabella Milbanke, Lady Byron. . . . It is an astute and profound analysis of a human soul."—*New York Times.* *Illustrated.* $5.00

Alice Meynell
A Memoir
by Viola Meynell

"Vastly illuminates the career of one of the best-loved figures in modern literature. . . . Viola Meynell has given us a new and vital picture."—*The Bookman.*
Illustrated. $5.00

The Life of George Meredith
by Robert Esmonde Sencourt

"The spiritual history of a great man brilliantly, revealingly embodied. . . . It yields the truth of high romance in language worthy of its theme."—*Springfield Republican.* *Illustrated.* $3.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From both sides of the Atlantic

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN selects these books

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY

by Ellen Glasgow

This great novel, brilliantly picturing the flexibility of modern morals, is solidly established as the fiction success of the year. It has called forth the finest of enthusiastic criticisms, such as that in the New York *Times*, by Percy Hutchinson.

"It is safe to say," says Mr. Hutchinson, "that until there arises in this country a novelist, who, like Galsworthy and Thackeray and Meredith, can combine the creation of full-bodied fictional characters with wit of observation, THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY will remain unsurpassed in any year in its chosen field of the comedy of manners. And when it is surpassed perhaps it will be by Ellen Glasgow herself. It is our guess that this is precisely what will take place. And until then THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY should remain the most delectable mingling of ironic wit and tolerance yet done on this side of the Atlantic." $2.50

HARRIET HUME

by Rebecca West

Rebecca West's first novel in five years, is a fantasy so beautiful, so vivid with things intangible, that it belongs to the world of immaterial enchantment from which came *Memoirs of a Midget* and *Thunder on the Left*. Harriet, with her billowing dust-gold skirts, her hands full of cherries from the fruit man's cart, and her sleek black head poised like a listening bird's, is a figure to haunt one's memory of beauty. A shrewd and devastating interpretation of the psychology of love by the author of *The Judge* and *The Return of a Soldier*. $2.50

BABES IN THE WOOD

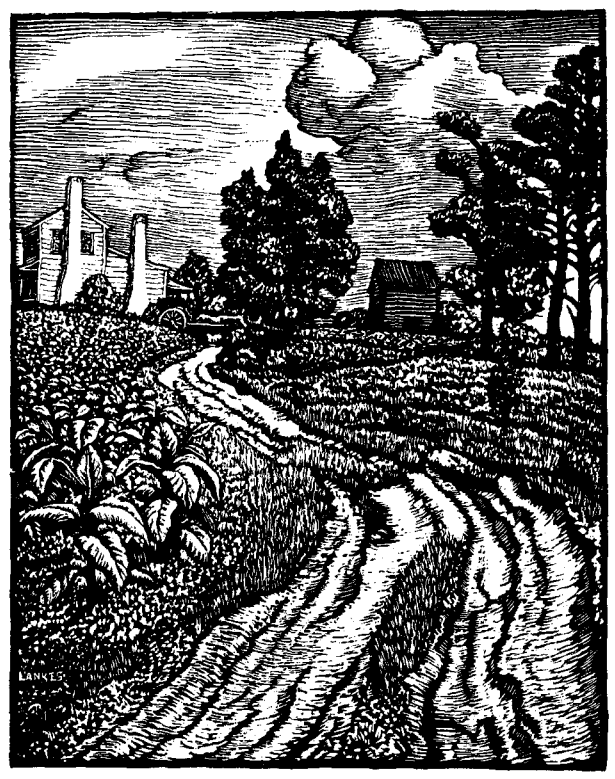
by Michael Arlen

Gentlemen to whom gardenias are as indispensable as garters and ladies who daily dine on plover's eggs move through these charming tales with a languid grace. This is the nonchalant, cosmopolitan world of *The Green Hat*, more enchanting, more alluring than ever in the hands of the master of suavity and sophistication. $2.50

HANSINE SOLSTAD

by Peter Egge

The first novel in English of the distinguished and popular Norwegian author. Translated by Jess. H. Jackson; introduction by Henry Goddard Leach. $2.50



Jacket design by J. J. Lankes for *Deliverance* in the forthcoming Old Dominion Edition of Ellen Glasgow's novels.

THE MAN WHO PRETENDED

by W. B. Maxwell

In Oswald Raikes, who made himself over according to the picture of his own imagination, Mr. Maxwell has achieved an amazing character creation. For day and night Oswald Raikes was stalked by a dread that demanded large gestures, disregard of cost, a careless magnificence of sacrifice, and in self-defense, he accepted the desire for approbation as the impulse of his whole life. There were no wounds he would not suffer to prove himself invulnerable, all because the real approbation—self-esteem—was irrevocably denied him. In this portrait of colossal pretense Mr. Maxwell has written his most powerful novel since *Spinster of this Parish* and *The Day's Journey*. $2.50

STRANGER FIDELITIES

by Mathilde Eiker

Old loyalities oppose the stranger bonds forged in the glamor of war in this swift dramatic novel by the author of *Over the Boatside*. $2.50

THE MAN WITHIN

by Graham Greene

Not since *The Constant Nymph* has a first novel so caught the imagination of the English press as this story of a coward who justified himself in a flare of courage, by the 23-year-old cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson. Coming unheralded in England *The Man Within* sold two editions before publication, and has since been making literary history.

In America, as in England, *The Man Within* is meeting with a notable reception. A host of readers are agreeing with Harry Hansen that it is "highly dramatic, intensely moving . . . the sort of book which makes a publisher's season." $2.50

HANS FROST

by Hugh Walpole

"A jellyfish, a starfish, a piece of golden seaweed"—why should these three mystic gifts to "the grand old man of English letters" fan him on his seventieth birthday to rebel against a rich and coddled life? Nathalie, his young niece just up from Polchester, knew why; and Martha, his loving dachshund, dumbly understood. But to Ruth, his beautiful wife, who had wrapped him in cotton wool, Hans Frost's rebellion was beyond understanding.

Hans Frost is laid in the familiar London of *Fortitude*, *The Duchess of Wrexe* and *The Green Mirror*. In style, in conception and in its depth of understanding *Hans Frost* will rank with the best of Mr. Walpole's novels—a magnificent portrait rich with overtones which Dr. Joseph Collins calls the supreme novel of the last decade. "If a more fascinating novel than *Hans Frost* has appeared in English literature during the past ten years I have missed it," he says. "Every old man should read it to find out what he has missed. Every young man should read it that he may know what may be in store for him, and every woman who aspires to understand man should study it." $2.50

SKETCH OF A SINNER

by Frank Swinnerton

"She was an original, not a copy," Mr. Swinnerton says of Lydia, the most fascinating of all his portraits of women. Lydia, who was a sinner, loved her elderly husband, the gentle, musty antique dealer. But she loved Ambrose, too, the mad, blond, young man who wanted the china shepherdess; and she loved Gerald utterly. The story of Lydia's loves and her sins is Mr. Swinnerton's most dramatic novel since *Nocturne* and *Coquette*. $2.50

SAILORS OF FORTUNE

by William McFee

The author of *Pilgrims of Adversity* tells more powerful, brilliant stories of an amazing diversity of mariners in the Caribbean and the Mediterranean, and narrates their strange adventures—ludicrous, tragic, amorous. $2.50

GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE

by Bayard Schindel

Isa Glenn's son writes a story of the hysterical years from 1914 to 1918 seen through the eyes of a sensitive child, that ranks with *What Price Glory*. $2.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEGION

The Book of the British Legion by Britain's Foremost Writers in Prose and Verse

John Galsworthy, Rudyard Kipling, Hillaire Belloc, Hugh Walpole, Rebecca West, G. K. Chesterton, Margaret Kennedy, Sarah Gertrude Millen, Aldous Huxley, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Walter de la Mare, John Drinkwater, Edith Sitwell, Robert Bridges and eighteen others of England's most distinguished and popular writers contribute new and unpublished stories, essays and poems to this great book promoted by the Prince of Wales for the benefit of the British Legion. Decorations and illustrations have also been provided by leading artists including Augustus John, Max Beerbohm, Epstein, Clair Leighton, Sir Arthur Cope, and Hamilton Crawford. Many of the titles in this book make it a collector's item. $3.00

DO WHAT YOU WILL

by Aldous Huxley

The brilliant author of *Point Counter Point* comments wittily on the current scene in a collection of essays spiced with epigrams and deep with intuitive wisdom. Mr. Huxley is preacher, prophet and jester. He was never more provocative and penetrating than in these essays. As *The American Mercury* has said, "He does not offer any panaceas for a sick and suffering society; he performs the far more difficult task of analyzing its maladies." $2.50

RED SILENCE

by Kathleen Norris

Should a woman risk the security of her home and happy married life to face frankly the ghost of an old indiscretion? The story of how young Dory Penfield struggles to avert disaster, is one of Mrs. Norris' most compelling, dramatic novels. $2.00

THE RUNNER

by Ralph Connor

The Sky Pilot writes the great North American Novel—vivid with Indian war paint, resounding with the noise of the Canadian-American frontier of 1812, peopled with such figures of historic splendor as Tecumseh, Dearborn, Drummond and Scott! $2.00

INVITATION TO THE DANCE

by Madge Jenison

This is the story of a gallant woman who overcomes circumstances and builds her life into a structure of strength and beauty. By the author of *Dominance.* $2.50

PIGSKIN

by Charles W. Ferguson

A joyous, challenging and satirical romance about an American college president at the height of the football season. $2.50

HIDE IN THE DARK

by Frances Noyes Hart

The author of *The Bellamy Trial* writes an *astounding, utterly different* mystery. $2.00

THE MARACOT DEEP AND OTHER STORIES

by Arthur Conan Doyle

The Lost World is the scene of sensational new adventures of Professor Challenger, 25,000 feet undersea. $2.00

FROM

SUPPLICATION OF THE BLACK ABERDEEN

by Rudyard Kipling

Into The Presence, flattening while I crawl—
From head to tail, I do confess it all.
Mine was the fault—deal me the stripes—but spare
The Pointed Finger which I cannot bear!
The Dreadful Tone in which my Name is named.
That sends me 'neath the sofa-frill ashamed!
(Yet, to be near Thee, I would face that woe.)
If Thou reject me, whither shall I go?

(*With drawings of Kipling's own pup by G. L. Stampa and an envelope to match* SUPPLICATION OF THE BLACK ABERDEEN *makes an ideal gift book at* $.75)

STYLE AND FORM IN AMERICAN PROSE

by Gorham B. Munson

A penetrating, scholarly and practical literary guidebook, helpful to readers; invaluable to writers. Mr. Munson brilliantly analyzes the masters of American prose, and gives full illustrative examples. The theories and practices of Poe, T. S. Eliot, William James, Santayana, Melville, Mark Twain, Donald Ogden Stewart, Gertrude Stein and others are coordinated in a way that is delightful to all lovers of good literature. $2.50

COLLECTED POEMS: 1914-1926

by Robert Graves

Here for the first time is a collection of the work of this distinguished poet, including nine poems never before published. War poems, narratives, lyrics, this is poetry of iron and quicksilver. They touch the pinnacle of imaginative creation. Mr. Graves is also well known for his prose writing including *Lawrence and the Arabian Adventure.* $2.50

THE PEANUT ROASTER
(on Beekman Street)

Christopher Morley

A peanut oven far down town
(Adjoining Civic Virtue)
Raised up his little steaming snout
In a song whose pathos hurt you.
By chewing gum and orangeade
And other wares of humble trade
Congenially surrounded,
He lifted up his plaintive voice
To woo the idol of his choice
And they were much astounded
To hear him whistle all day long
This pitiful mismating song—

"I have no lust for the Bankers' Trust
Or even the Transportation;
For I am cursed with passion's worst,
A love above my station.
And so I cry to the One Most High,
All pinnacles and gilding—
The Equitable will not do,
I want the Woolworth Building."

from POEMS
by Christopher Morley

(These gay, intimate, tender lyrics will delight the readers of *Translations from the Chinese.*)

cloth $2.00
leather $3.00

PENROD JASHBER

by Booth Tarkington

Penrod is back! After 14 years' absence, the favorite boy character of two generations of readers is bursting with funnier ideas than ever, resulting in the most explosive escapades that ever rocked the Schofield neighborhood. Humor, ranging from the droll to the hilarious, is packed into these joyous pages of the "deteckatif's" adventures. For your best laugh of the year get *Penrod Jashber* now! Illustrated by Gordon Grant. $2.00

PEER GYNT

by Henrik Ibsen

Elizabeth MacKinstry's daring designs—in black-and-white and eight full-color pages—sing with the spirit of weird, fantastic beauty in this exquisite new edition of *Peer Gynt.* $5.00

THE BOOK OF POE

Edited by Addison Hibbard

Edgar Allen Poe compact in a single volume: poems, stories and essays. Introduction by Hearvey Allen, author of *Israfel.* $5.00

TRADITION AND HUGH WALPOLE

by Clemence Dane

A finely critical estimate of Walpole's work and his relation to the English literary tradition by the author of *The Babyons.* $2.00

THE THIRD ROUTE

by Sir Philip Sassoon

Introduction by Thornton Wilder

A modern Marco Polo of the air relates the third great adventure in joining East and West—a 17,000-mile air cruise over the East. A glamorous 20th century traveller's tale. $3.00

THE SEA DEVIL'S FO'C'SLE

by Lowell Thomas

Breathless new tales of Count Luckner's sea adventures, as exciting as his "Seeadler" escapades. By the author of *Count Luckner: The Sea Devil.* $2.50

KNIGHTS OF THE AIR

by Lester J. Maitland

One of America's great flyers writes the colorful history of aviation, including the story of the great gold rush to the clouds and "stunters" who flew in spite of wind, weather, and warning.
Illustrated $3.50

SQUADRON OF DEATH

by Dick Grace

The inside story of made-to-order thrills and how the great crack-up artists pull their biggest jobs in the blue! *Amazing photographs.* $2.50

WOODFILL OF THE REGULARS

by Lowell Thomas

Adventures from the Arctic to the Argonne of the man General Pershing called "America's greatest soldier," credited with the greatest one-man exploit of the World War. $2.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CREATIVE POWER

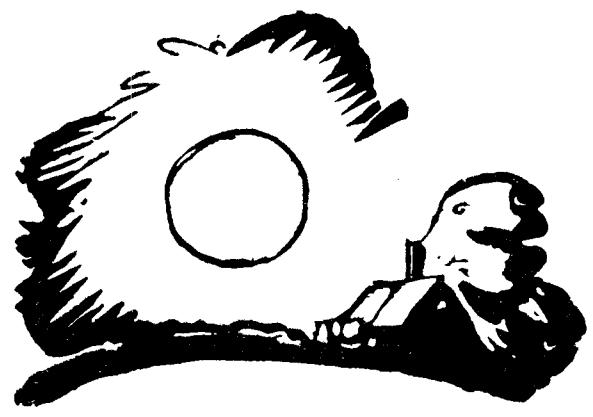
by Hughes Mearns

How can the creative instinct in normal people be nourished to a full flowering? This is the question that has absorbed the educational genius of Hughes Mearns, and which he has fully developed in this astounding book built out of actual experience in hundreds of cases. Illustrated with examples in prose and poetry from the work of students whom the author led to understand the art of learning. Carl Sandburg calls *Creative Power* "Tremulously and beautifully alive." Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Louis Untermeyer, J. Milnor Dorey, Executive Secretary of the Progressive Education Association, and Dr. Herman H. Horne, Professor of the Philosophy of Education in New York University, are among those who join Mr. Sandburg in enthusiastic praise of this book. Only a personal reading can convey the charm and excitement that lie in store for you in *Creative Power.* $3.50

MEN AND MORALS

by Woodbridge Riley

This is the popular pageant of morals through the ages, and of how men in all periods have met the questions of standards in sex life, in marriage, in social relations, in the conduct of nations and in religious problems. Professor Riley graphically takes stock and effects a revaluation of right and wrong for the modern man. Woodbridge Riley is one of America's most distinguished professors of philosophy. He tells the story of human conduct in a clear, easy and fascinating style, pointing his discussion with biographical anecdotes of the great moralists of history—from the early Greeks and Orientals down to Rousseau and William James. *Illustrated.* $5.00



BEETHOVEN: The Man Who Freed Music

by Robert Haven Schauffler

A definitive life of Beethoven and a sound, original study of his music by a distinguished musician, essayist and poet. Mr. Schauffler brilliantly re-creates the composer and interprets his work with a profound and absorbing understanding. Every well-informed musician and critic will want to use this vivid biography as a basis for future consideration of Beethoven. *Richly illustrated,* with more than 200 musical examples. 2 vols., $10.00

I WAS SENT TO ATHENS

by Henry W. Morgenthau, in collaboration with E. French Strother

Saving a million and a quarter Greeks from disaster after they were expelled from Asia Minor is Ambassador Morgenthau's remarkable story. Bright, vivid, direct—for sheer absorbing interest this book rivals *Ambassador Morgenthau's Story,* a non-fiction best-seller of 1918. $4.00

MYRON T. HERRICK
Friend of France

by Col. T. Bentley Mott

Myron T. Herrick is the most distinguished American biography since *The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page.* It is a brilliant broadside of business, politics and war-time diplomacy, so much in his own words that it might truly be called an autobiographical biography. International episodes, known only to Herrick, personal anecdotes from privileged tables, intimate stories of men like Foch, Pershing, Roosevelt and Lindbergh were given by Herrick to his personally chosen biographer, Col. Mott, his close friend and military attaché. Here is the complete, intimate story of the life of Ambassador Herrick, from his Ohio schooldays to his triumph as the toast of Paris and as Franklin's great successor at the Court of France. How Herrick abandoned art for business and gave up Rockefeller millions for public service. How Robert Bacon's life was saved by Herrick's reputation for informality. How Herrick might have been nominated for President in place of Harding had not vouchers been lost for the expenditure of $12,000,000 by a company of which he had once been president. His interests touched upon every phase of national and international life. This fascinatingly warm and human biography is one book that no well-informed American can afford to miss reading. *Illustrated with some of Herrick's own drawings.* $5.00

MIDSTREAM: My Later Life

by Helen Keller

Exciting, noble, dramatic—this is the great story of the mature years of the only deaf and blind woman who has ever successfully competed with the hearing and seeing on their own grounds. *Midstream* is rich with the charm, wit, penetration and intense feeling that made Miss Keller's earlier book *The Story of My Life* so over-whelmingly popular in many languages throughout the world. Here is the golden key to the strange, isolated world in which this remarkable woman lives—filled with thumbnail portraits and revealing anecdotes of her famous friends such as Edison, Ford, Chaplin, and others. Clarence Darrow says of this book: "It is marvellous in its beauty and simplicity, and truly inspiring in its content. Miss Keller seems to demonstrate that painstaking labor can in effect make the deaf hear and the blind see." $3.00

THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ

Vol. III. August, 1914-December, 1914
Translated and adapted by Sir George Arthur

The anxious days of the invasion in the charged summer and autumn of 1914 when the whole world held its breath on the brink of disaster, occupy M. Poincaré in this absorbing volume of his memoirs, which he entitles *L'Invasion.* As President of France during the War, Mm. Poincaré has a rich background of first-hand knowledge with an access to facts not otherwise obtainable. Indispensable to every student of the war, and to all persons who wish to keep abreast of world affairs. $5.00

THE SCIENCES AND PHILOSOPHY

by J. S. Haldane

J. S. Haldane, in this epochal book, performs a great service for the world of modern thinking. With magnificent clarity, he relates the sum of scientific achievement to the philosophical conceptions of the past and present, and in an amazingly convincing conclusion, demonstrates how science and philosophy in reality prove and sustain the beliefs of immortality and the soul.

J. S. Haldane is one of the greatest living scientists. An international authority on ether and respiration, he invented the gas mask during the war. A scholar, a philosopher and a Christian, he has written an authentic and human book, easy to read and understand. $3.75

EVERYMAN'S PSYCHOLOGY

by Sir John Adams

"Psychology with the chill off" is what the author calls this intimate picture of man's mind and feeling. Familiar terms snatched out of psychology and bandied about on every hand, such as "complex," "inhibition," "the subconscious," "behaviorism" and others, are discussed and freed from popular misinterpretation. Sir John Adams, former professor of education in the University of London, employs a style in which simplicity, illumination and conciseness remove the mask of technical terminology. *Everyman's Psychology* is a magnificent book for every intelligent modern man and woman who wishes to lay hold upon actual, useable principles of psychological organization. $2.50

THE LIFE OF LORD FISHER OF KILVERSTONE

by Admiral R. H. Bacon, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O.

This is the vivid biography of the greatest British Admiral since Nelson, by his life-long friend and assistant. As technical head of the British Navy, Lord Fisher was credited with Fordizing the fleet, from high command to cabin-boy, and with being, by reason of his ruthless innovations, the creator of the modern British Navy. This intimate, delightful re-creation of his dramatic and stormy personality is shot through with quotations from his own journal and letters. 2 vols., boxed, $5.00

VERSAILLES TO RAPALLO

by Viscount D'Abernon, with historical notes by Maurice Alfred Gerothwohl

Lord D'Abernon's diary takes its place beside Lord Grey's reminiscences as one of the great biographies of our times. His open-eyed observation and sparkling comment on intrigues and international policies are brilliantly tempered with wit, humor and candor. $5.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Autumn Novels of Distinction

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY
By Ellen Glasgow . . . A brilliant comedy of modern morals; the fiction success of the season. $2.50

HANS FROST
By Hugh Walpole . . . Rebellion against possessive love in a brilliant, tender and ironic novel. $2.50

THE MAN WHO PRETENDED
By W. B. Maxwell . . . Mr. Maxwell's finest novel since *The Day's Journey.* $2.50

HARRIET HUME
By Rebecca West . . . The first novel in four years from an internationally known writer. $2.50

BABES IN THE WOOD
By Michael Arlen . . . The prince of story-tellers creates more charming people. $2.50

GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE
By Bayard Schindel . . . The hysterical years from 1914 to 1918 through the eyes of a sensitive child. $2.50

HANSINE SOLSTAD
By Peter Egge . . . The first novel in English of the distinguished Norwegian author. Translated by Jess H. Jackson. $2.50

THE MAN WITHIN
By Graham Greene . . . This amazing first novel is sweeping England and America to a tempest of applause. $2.50

SKETCH OF A SINNER
By Frank Swinnerton . . . Mr. Swinnerton's most delightful portrait since *Nocturne* and *Coquette.* $2.50

INVITATION TO THE DANCE
By Madge Jenison . . . A portrait of a gallant woman by the author of *Dominance.* $2.50

SAILORS OF FORTUNE
By William McFee . . . Powerful, brilliant tales by the author of *Pilgrims of Adversity.* $2.50

THE RUNNER
By Ralph Connor . . . The Sky Pilot writes the great North American Novel. $2.50

FRECKLES COMES HOME
By Jeannette Stratton-Porter. . . Gene Stratton - Porter's daughter brings Freckles back to the Limberlost. $2.00

HIDE IN THE DARK
By Frances Noyes Hart . . . A sensationally different mystery by the author of *The Bellamy Trial.* $2.00

RED SILENCE
By Kathleen Norris . . . How lovely Dory Penfield meets a dramatic dilemma makes one of Mrs. Norris' finest novels. $2.00

PENROD JASHBER
By Booth Tarkington . . . Penrod is back in the best laugh of the year. $2.00

THE BABYONS
By Clemence Dane . . . The chronicle of the black Babyons in a new handsome, convenient volume. $2.50

STRANGER FIDELITIES
By Mathilde Eiker . . . A glamorous novel of post-war readjustment by the author of *Over the Boatside.* $2.50

COALS FROM NEWCASTLE
By Bruce Beddow . . . A strange and beautiful novel of the English coal district by the author of *The Black Country.* $2.50

PIGSKIN
By Charles W. Ferguson . . Pigskin or sheepskin—which is the goal of education? A joyous satire about an American college president. $2.50

STORM OF STEEL
By Ernst Junger . . ."Beside this work," says the N. Y. *World*, "'*All Quiet on the Western Front*' reads like a Boy Scout's diary." Translated by Basil Creighton. $2.50

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1929
The eleventh annual issue of the award, edited by Blanche Colton Williams. $2.50

BETHEL
By Eli Millen . . . Winning novel in the $2,500 award offered by *The Christian Herald* and Doubleday, Doran. $2.00

ADVENTURES OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL
By the Baroness Orczy . . . The Scarlet Pimpernel rides again in a stirring tale of the French Revolution. $2.00

THE MARACOT DEEP AND OTHER STORIES
By Arthur Conan Doyle . . . *The Lost World* re-created in breathless stories 25,000 feet undersea. $2.00

Adventure

THE RED BRAND
By Charles Alden Seltzer . . . A headlong adventure of love on the Rio Grande. $2.00

NILE GOLD
By John Knittel . . . What happened to an archaeologist who dared the curse of ancient Egypt. $2.00

MAN OF THE NORTH
By James B. Hendryx . . . Love and gold are stakes in a taut adventure of the Northern wilderness. $2.00

THE FIGHTING TENDERFOOT
By William McLeod Raine . . . A tale of true love punctuated by the running fire of an Arizona cattle-war. $2.00

THE GIRL FROM GOD'S MERCIE
By William Byron Mowery . . . Loves and loyalties in the Canadian far North by the author of *The Silver Hawk.* $2.00

Golden Arrow Romances

LOVERS
By Ruby M. Ayres . . . Swirling along the passionate undercurrents of life and love. $2.00

RAINBOW IN THE SPRAY
By Pamela Wynne . . . The story of a woman who was afraid of love. $2.00

THE QUEEN OF A DAY
By J. S. Fletcher . . . A princess loses her throne, but finds love. $2.00

THE PIPER'S PRICE
By Harriet T. Comstock . . . In which a woman learns the price of a secret. $2.00

THE MAN WITHOUT MERCY
By Concordia Merrel . . . A dramatic story of love flourishing in dark places. $2.00

THE GUARDED HALO
By Margaret Pedler . . . The pain, the glamor and the secret follies of youth in a moving romance of two young lovers. $2.00

THE COMMON PROBLEM
By Sara Lindsay Coleman . . . A lost engagement ring and a culprit yellow organdie in the tale of a great devotion. $2.00

THREE
By Pamela Frankau . . . A buoyant romance under the enchantment of the Riviera sun, with an ingenious solution to an old, old problem. $2.00

Beautiful Books for Christmas Giving

LEGION
The book of the British Legion by Britain's foremost writers in prose and verse. $3.00

PEER GYNT
By Henrik Ibsen . . . Elizabeth MacKinstry beautifully illustrates Ibsen's classic. $5.00 boxed

STAGE FAVOURITES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
By Lewis Melville . . . Stories of the lovely ladies who glorified the English theatre of Dr. Johnson's day. $6.00 boxed

VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE
By the Editors of Vogue . . . The one indispensable guide to good manners and correct behavior. $4.00

SUPPLICATION OF THE BLACK ABERDEEN
By Rudyard Kipling . . . The first American edition of Kipling's latest poem. *Illustrated by G. L. Stampa.* $ .75

VERMEER THE MAGICAL
By E. V. Lucas . . . The perfect introduction to the "little master" of Delft, with 16 reproductions in collotype. $3.50

LIVES
By Ernest Thompson Seton . . . The author's life work on the land animals of North America. 8 vols. $40.00

WHEN FATHER CHRISTMAS WAS LATE
By Coningsby Dawson . . . Yuletide tales that capture the true spirit of the holiday season. $2.50 boxed

NOT ALL THE TRUTH
By Lewis Melville . . . Literary reminiscences of Beerbohm, Gosse, Zangwill and others, by London's famous clubman and raconteur. $5.00

LETTERS FROM AN OLD SPORTSMAN TO A YOUNG ONE
By A. Henry Higginson . . . Delightful, seasoned advice on horsemanship and hunting. Illustrated. $7.50

Lives

MYRON T. HERRICK, Friend of France
By Col. T. Bentley Mott . . . The most distinguished American biography since the life and letters of Walter Hines Page. $5.00

MIDSTREAM: My Later Life
By Helen Keller . . . America's most famous woman continues the story of her life. $3.00

CYRANO
By Cameron Rogers . . . The life of the most colorful personality who ever fought, wrote and loved for France. $3.50

LOKI: The Life of Charles Proteus Steinmetz
By Jonathan Norton Leonard . . . The fascinating story of the misshapen mathematical genius and great electrical wizard of our age. $2.75

A CHALLENGE TO DARKNESS
The Life Story of J. Georges Scapini, Guest of the American Legion, translated with an introduction by Helen Keller. Foreword by General Henri Gourand. $2.00

BEETHOVEN: The Man Who Freed Music
By Robert Haven Schauffler . . . The definitive study of the life and work of the master of modern music. 2 Vols. boxed $10.00

JOHN BROWN—1800-1859: A Biography Fifty Years After
By Oswald Garrison Villard . . . A new edition of the definitive life of the enigmatic evangel of freedom. $4.00

THE FARINGTON DIARY 1815-1821 Vol. VIII
By Joseph Farington, R. A., ed. by James Greig . . .The eighth and concluding volume of the rich personal record of Joseph Farington. $7.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
Publishers
GARDEN CITY NEW YORK

I WAS SENT TO ATHENS
By Henry Morgenthau, in collaboration with French Strother . . . How Ambassador Morgenthau saved a million Greeks on his mission from the League. $4.00

THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ Vol. III
Trans. by Sir George Arthur . . . The president of France during the Great War tells the story of the anxious days of 1914. $5.00

LIFE OF LORD FISHER
By Sir Reginald Hugh Spencer Bacon . . . The story of the stormy life of the greatest British Admiral since Nelson. 2 Vols. boxed $5.00 each

Reflections and Opinions

DO WHAT YOU WILL: Essays
By Aldous Huxley . . . The author of *POINT COUNTER POINT* turns preacher, prophet and jester in these witty commentaries. $2.50

AS I KNOW THEM: Some Jews and a Few Gentiles
By Rebekah Kohut . . . A matriarch speaks for her people in a brave and human document. $2.50

AN ATTIC ROOM
By Robert P. Tristram Coffin . . . Jovial, sensitive, unacademic essays, amiably proving that life is a joyous experience. $2.50

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: A Psychological Study
By Rosamond Langbridge . . . A brilliant psychological analysis of England's most enigmatic literary figure. $2.50

THE BOOK OF POE: Criticism, Tales and Poems
Ed. by Addison Hibbard . . . All of Poe anyone will want to read in one volume. $5.00

TRADITION AND HUGH WALPOLE
By Clemence Dane . . . The author of *The Babyons* writes a finely critical estimate of Hugh Walpole. $2.00

STYLE AND FORM IN AMERICAN PROSE
By Gorham B. Munson . . . A penetrating analysis of American prose, helpful for readers, invaluable for writers. $2.50

Diversions

THE GLUYAS WILLIAMS BOOK
Foreword by Charles Dana Gibson, Preface by Robert C. Benchley . . . The first collection of the drawings of America's cleverest cartoonist. $2.50

THE SECOND NEW YORKER ALBUM
The social register of the year's humor. $2.50

A VARIETY OF PEOPLE
By Don Marquis . . . "Gorgeous whopping yarns, richly embroidered with humor and philosophy." $2.00

Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS: 1914-1926
By Robert Graves . . . Lyrics of iron and quicksilver—a notable collection. $2.50

POEMS
By Christopher Morley . . . Delightful lyrics and narrative poems by one of America's favorite writers. Cloth $2.00; leather $3.00

Philosophy and Psychology

CREATIVE POWER
By Hughes Mearns . . . The story of an extraordinary educator's success in developing the creative impulse in children. $3.50

MEN AND MORALS: The Story of Ethics
By Woodbridge Riley . . . An amazing panorama of morals throughout the ages. $5.00

THE SCIENCES AND PHILOSOPHY
By Professor J. S. Haldane . . . England's greatest biologist brilliantly summarizes and weighs the achievements of modern science. $3.75

EVERYMAN'S PSYCHOLOGY
By Sir John Adams . . . "Psychology with the chill off" for the layman. $2.50

ADVENTURES IN RELIGION
By Basil King . . . What intelligent parents should tell their children about religion by the author of *The Conquest of Fear.* $2.50

To Far Places

IN COLDEST AFRICA
By Carveth Wells . . . . The author of *My Six Years in the Malay Jungle* hilariously debunks the Dark Continent. $2.50

THE THIRD ROUTE
By Philip Sassoon. Introduction by Thornton Wilder . . . The romantic story of the air route to India. $3.00

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC
By John T. Faris . . . The romantic history of Hawaii, our most picturesque possession. $5.00

True Adventure

THE SEA DEVIL'S FO'C'SLE
By Lowell Thomas . . . More smashing yarns from the sea-chest of that gallant adventurer, Count Luckner. $2.50

WOODFILL OF THE REGULARS
By Lowell Thomas . . . The true adventures from the Arctic to the Argonne of America's greatest soldier. $2.50

TOMBSTONE
By Walter Noble Burns . . . The thrilling saga of the toughest town of the southwest. *Illustrated by Will James.* $3.00

KNIGHTS OF THE AIR
By Lester J. Maitland . . . A panoramic history of flights and flyers by one of America's great aviators. $3.50

SQUADRON OF DEATH
By Dick Grace, Captain of the Squadron of Death . . . The true adventures of the world's greatest movie stuntman. $2.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OMNIBUS OF CRIME

Reigns Supreme in its Field

Edited by DOROTHY L. SAYERS

IDOLS BEHIND ALTARS

By ANITA BRENNER

A book not about Mexico, but of it; from its tribal beginnings through the futile attempts of the Spanish and of the Church to bury its instinctive religion and art, Miss Brenner makes her way clearly, lucidly and with a revelatory intelligence.

"It penetrates to the very heart of Mexico . . . a noble book and a gallant intellectual achievement . . . beautifully illustrated and beautifully published."—*William Soskin in the New York Post* $5.00

COLLECTED POEMS of GERALD GOULD

Mr. Gould's standing as one of the most important of our generation's poets has never been questioned, and in this volume of his collected works, permitting as it does of a more complete appreciation of his poetic development from lyric poignancy to a more mature power, the reader is certain to obtain an added regard and admiration for his work. $3.00

In the crowded field of mystery and detective fiction, this amazingly complete collection of sixty-two stories—some almost book length—stands supreme—a legacy through the centuries from the pens of some of the world's most famous authors. It is being read and discussed by thousands and its 1178 pages present for its price the finest value of recent years in any book.

"The greatest anthology of detective stories ever compiled." — *Christopher Morley.*

"Eerie stories that will live as long as there is hair on human scalps to raise."—*New York Post.*

"Murders, thefts, arsons, frauds, conspiracies, puzzles, thrills, maniacs, crooks, police, spies, secret service men, detectives, come riding in on this, the most complete anthology of detective and horror literature ever run through the presses."—*Baltimore Sun.*

Second Hundred Thousand

$3.00—everywhere

JOHN BROWN

The Making of a Martyr

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

An intensely vivid portrait of the black-browed zealot of Pottawatomie and Harper's Ferry who may some day become the Friar Rush of American folk-lore.

"Mr. Warren's style is vivid and clear . . . fierce, blind, fanatical and cruel, although he sometimes made a humane gesture, John Brown emerges from these pages as a black-browed mad-man armed with the mad-man's conception of 'Letters of Marque from God.'"—*The Outlook.* Illustrated $5.00

MODERN ARCHITECTURE

By HENRY-RUSSELL HITCHCOCK, Jr.

Beginning with the architecture of early 1800's Mr. Hitchcock traces the rise and fall of various styles, shows how the "gothic revival" and its subsequent branches was due to romantic literature, and how the art of ornament (and in consequence architecture) degenerated from too slavish copying of imperfect lithographs. He then treats of the men who are chiefly responsible for the new style of architecture, with a résumé of the most important of their outstanding works. Illustrated. $5.00

PETER THE GREAT

By GEORGES OUDARD

Peter the Great possessed the heroic nature of an Olympian. His rage was cyclonic, his hatred rarely stopped short of extermination, his banquets were orgies, his pastimes convulsions. All his qualities were on a colossal scale and he lived and loved like a viking of old. From the vivid account of those first haunting memories which played havoc with the nerves of a supersensitive child, to Peter's great dream of an empire of the Orient, there is evidence of Georges Oudard's complete understanding of this strange and splendid monarch. Illustrated. $3.50

PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

6 EAST 53rd STREET NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE JOY OF GIVING * BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

"WHAT more welcome gifts for those whose taste you respect than these friendly NELSON "New Century" classics — richly bound on dark-hued limp leather — with tops and tooling of gold — clearly printed on India paper so thin (yet opaque) that an 800-page work becomes a pocket volume!

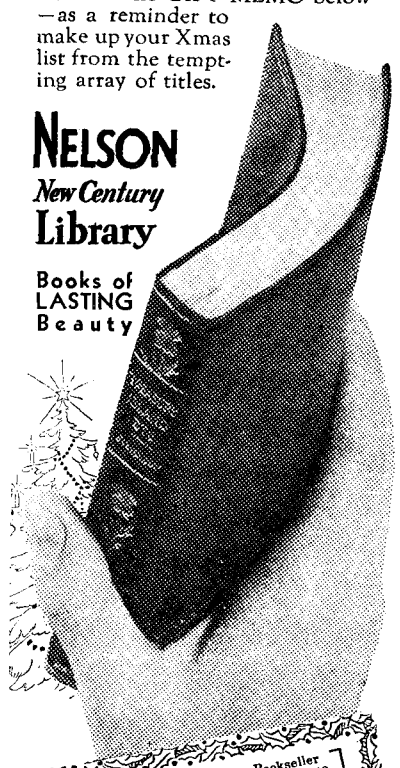
What greater joy than to start a fellow-book lover collecting NELSON "New Century" LIBRARY titles — which comprise 175 volumes of the great novelists, essayists and poets.

Only $2.50 Each

Examine one of these handsome gifts at your bookseller's. Tear off the GIFT MEMO below — as a reminder to make up your Xmas list from the tempting array of titles.

NELSON *New Century* Library

Books of LASTING Beauty



* Gift Memo [See Your Bookseller or send us this memo for Reading Plan, with full list of titles.]

THOMAS NELSON & SONS
Dept. 1311A, 381 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C.
Please send me the Reading Year plan, with full list of titles in the NELSON "New Century" LIBRARY.
[Merely send us name and address.]

"Thru the Year With Jesus"

For Christmas, give this new inspirational Year Book by William Farwell. A daily page containing scripture text, selection for Bible reading, explanation of scripture, and a short prayer. Non-sectarian. Blue cloth, stamped in gold. Size 4½x6½. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.75.

CHRISTIAN ASSEMBLY
72 North Fifth Street, San Jose, Calif.

Foreign Literature

A Recent Argentine Novel

PASADO AMOR. By HORACIO QUIROGA. Editorial Babel. 1929.

Reviewed by HERMINE HALLAM-HIPWELL

AMONG the recently published novels there are few of any outstanding merit and it might even be said without fear of exaggeration that Argentine writers are primarily essayists rather than novelists. There have been no really great Argentine novels, the long short story taking their place in the popular mind and being sedulously cultivated by good and indifferent writers with some success.

Horacio Quiroga, some of whose animal tales have been translated into English and published in the States, is among the Argentine writers whose works are always interesting and typical of the Latin-American attitude toward literature. His prose is vivid and forceful, its simplicity contrasts pleasantly with the heavily pompous styles adopted by some of his contemporaries, and he has done much to bring before his Buenos Aires public the tragic beauty of the Chaco. In his latest book, "Pasado Amor," Quiroga has chosen as background for his story the *mate* plantations of Misiones, the North-Eastern territory of the Argentine Republic bordering on the Brazilian forest lands and the Paraguayan desert. Of recent years interest in Misiones, which during the sixteenth and seventeenth century was extensively colonized by the Jesuits whose ruins at San Ignacio are still visited by tourists, has grown considerably, thanks to the importance of the *mate* plantations and the number of those engaged in the cultivation of this romantic tree.

Morán, the hero of Quiroga's novel, is a *mate* planter. A widower who lost his wife in tragic circumstances after a short twelve months of married life, he is from a European's point of view a strange creature. And yet he is the counterpart of many characters in present-day Argentine fiction which points to his type being common in certain literary circles. For this man, brusque in his manner, with little of the romantic Latin-American characteristics which some writers safely in New York or London would assure us are typical of the inhabitants of the South American republics, is undoubtedly an excellent study of a present-day Argentine. By turns an idealist and a materialist it is the conflict between his two natures—a conflict which supplies some seventy-five per cent of the plots used by Argentine writers—brought into being by his love for Magda Iñiguez, which holds the reader's attention.

Morán's love is the result of his two lonely years of wandering away from Misiones in an attempt to forget the tragedy of the lonely plantation. His return to Misiones in order to pick up the threads of his old life, brings about a haunting sense of his loss and a fierce desire to lose himself in his new love for the pure and child-like Magda. Tormented by his desire and the opposition of Magda's mother and brothers, Morán seeks consolation in the love offered to him by Alica Hontou, the humble laborer's daughter, but is unable to forget either the past or his new passion for Magda. The end of the book is tragic. Morán loses both Alicia and Magda and then leaves Misiones where once again he has had bitterness and despair as his daily companions. Horacio Quiroga has sketched his characters very simply yet this simplicity serves to heighten the sense of tragedy lying heavily over Morán and Magda's slightest acts. The life of the plantations, those clearings in the midst of the primeval forests with the river far away on the horizon and a tiny village supplying the needs of the planters, is described in all its monotonous beauty. The life is one of constant hardship under tropic skies with nature and man continually at war, and Quiroga knows his subject thoroughly.

Equally well does he know people of the Iñiguez type: proud Peruvians of the most fanatical and aristocratic character, accustomed to large properties and the subservience of countless native servants, and bitterly opposed to all innovations. They are an unpleasant family but cleverly delineated by the author, and in their midst Magda, the gentle and pure heroine, strikes, to the foreign reader, an incongruous note. This type is, however, popular with Argentine readers; their heroines are rarely women of character or determination, on the contrary they are fatalists, with an ingrained sense of the tragedy of life and love. Whether this liking is based on real life it is difficult to say, for the Argentine woman is a complex character, at times atavistic and little more than a lovely slave, and at others a capable woman of the twentieth century.

This novel of Quiroga's is not by any means his best work, but it is a good example of the fiction being written at present in Argentina by Argentine writers.

The Bourgeoisie

CALIBAN PARLE. By JEAN GUÉHENNO. Paris: Grasset. 1929.

Reviewed by H. D. HILL

EVERY summer, at the Abbey of Pontigny in Eastern France, a small group of intellectuals of the French literary world meet for discussion of new movements in the realm of ideas. The meetings consist of three ten-day periods, each of which is entirely devoted to one subject; different people are asked for different subjects according to their interests. This year the three subjects were the implications of the new ideas of physics (based upon Eddington's "Nature of the Physical World"), the relation between classicism and romanticism, and the position of the bourgeoisie.

The choice of the last-named subject was a result of the vivid discussion awakened by the publication of Jean Guéhenno's "Caliban Parle," in which Caliban, the people, the fourth estate, turns a shrewd eye and a staccato tongue upon Prospero, the intellectual.

A paradoxical fault in the book arises from its attempt to answer Ariel's question "Tell me where is fancy bred" by the word both. M. Guéhenno chose to lay the scene upon Setebos, and imitate in his sentences the plop of the frog and the plod of the ox that are essentially Caliban. He does it very well. But after the wand of Prospero is drawn across the pages, the words are not the words of Caliban. The more successful M. Guéhenno was in obtaining his effect, the less could his book be taken as the evidence of the fourth estate at the trial of the bourgeoisie. In this respect his book is very much of a contrast to one which he has just published, in his capacity as editor, for Grasset, of the series called Les Ecrits. "Belleville," by Robert Garric, tells of the "equipes sociales," groups of Catholic students and industrial workers which M. Garric has been instrumental in founding; in it one feels a robustness where every one is himself rather than some one else's interpreter.

But it is almost possible to forgive Prospero for speaking for Caliban when he speaks so well. The passage in which is expressed Caliban's scorn for the intellectual is a case in point: it shows at once the pseudo-character of M. Guéhenno's style, and its power:

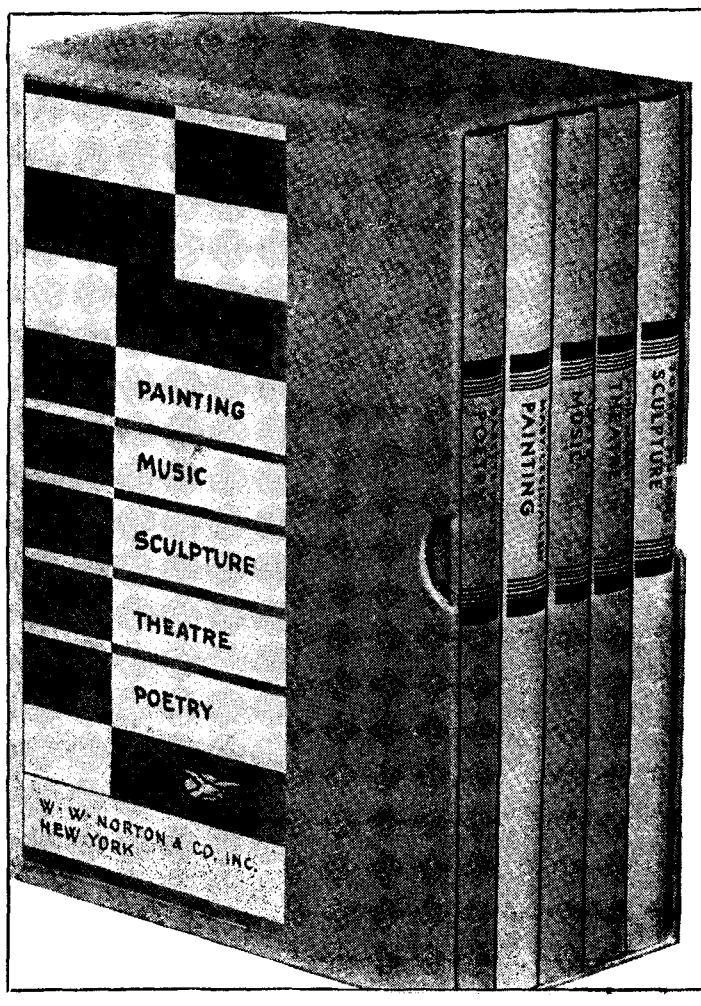
> Qui dit "travailleur manuel" est sûr de dire quelque chose. Chacun a des mains et cela se voit. Qui dit "intellectuel" n'a pas la même assurance. Cependant les "intellectuels" sont une nouvelle espèce de l'humanité. Elle a toute la vanité de Prospero; il ne lui manque que sa lucidité. Jusque vers la fin du siècle dernier, on avait eu des poètes, des philosophes, des savants, des artistes, des écrivains, des professeurs? Chacun faisait son métier de son mieux, et quelquefois malgré Minerve, mais le sachant. Tous ces titres soudain ont paru insuffisants. Nous n'avons désormais que des "Intellectuels."

The book is full of quintessential sketches. In the introduction which he dedicates to Renan, Caliban notes a tendency toward government by anniversaries. 1920, centenary of Lamartine, poetic and religious meditation to calm our seditious spirits; 1921, Napoleon and the spirit of the heroes of the past, lest the calming process go too far; 1922, Pasteur and the civic virtues; 1923, how to escape you, Renan, who would reduce to nothing the results of three years of propaganda. You had a horror of phariseeism; all of your work was in praise of intellectual probity, of all the virtues least dear to governments and states! As bearing witness to the part played by ideology in French internal politics this is parallel to the story told by M. André Siegfried in the course of some lectures at the Geneva Institute of Post-Graduate International Studies this May. A small French town had as its center a "Place de la Republic." A patriotic town council renamed it "Place Maréchal Foch." There was an election. Three days afterwards a Socialist majority had achieved "Place Anatole France."

The chapter on "La Trahison de Prospero" discusses the still-vivid question raised by M. Benda in his "Treason of the Intellectuals" along lines parallel to those of Emmanuel Berl in his "Premier Pamphlet." "The real treason is to take the world as it is and use the mind to justify it. And that treason is the easiest, the most widespread, and the most profitable."

Such snatches show the type of acute observation of which the book is made. More important than they, however, is the general challenge which it throws out to one of the fundamental assumptions of European thought. The Continental who looks upon the most finely tempered personalities which his civilization has produced is bound to believe that it is a good civilization. But here is Caliban who says, the furnace which tempers a few such men utterly consumes hundreds of my fellows. Is such a society good? The attack on the bourgeois world is coming from many sides. In many of the proposed alternatives there are advantages for Caliban? What happens then to Prospero? Can both be saved? Only one? Which? These are questions which the ten days of the Pontigny group are obviously not enough to answer.

"The figure of Ulrich von Hutten, which has suffered hitherto from too close a proximity to that of Martin Luther in accounts of the Reformation, is presented by Otto Flake in 'Ulrich von Hutten' (Fischer) in a notable historical romance as a very independent individual," says the London *Observer*. "There is a crowded and picturesque background to a figure which stands out as that of a fine politician in advance of his times."



. . . . . What are the moderns doing in Art? . . . . . .

Five distinguished writers survey five modern arts, showing what makes modern art modern, and how to enjoy it.

BABBETTE DEUTSCH
Poet and critic, writes of modern poetry in POTABLE GOLD

JOHN MASON BROWN
Dramatic critic, N. Y. Evening Post, presents THE MODERN THEATRE IN REVOLT

JOSEPH HUDNUT
Critic, Columbia Professor, analyses MODERN SCULPTURE

ALFRED J. SWAN
Professor of Music at Swarthmore, surveys MUSIC: 1900-1930

MARY CECIL ALLEN
Artist and writer, describes PAINTERS OF THE MODERN MIND

Five handsome books, boxed to make an attractive gift set.

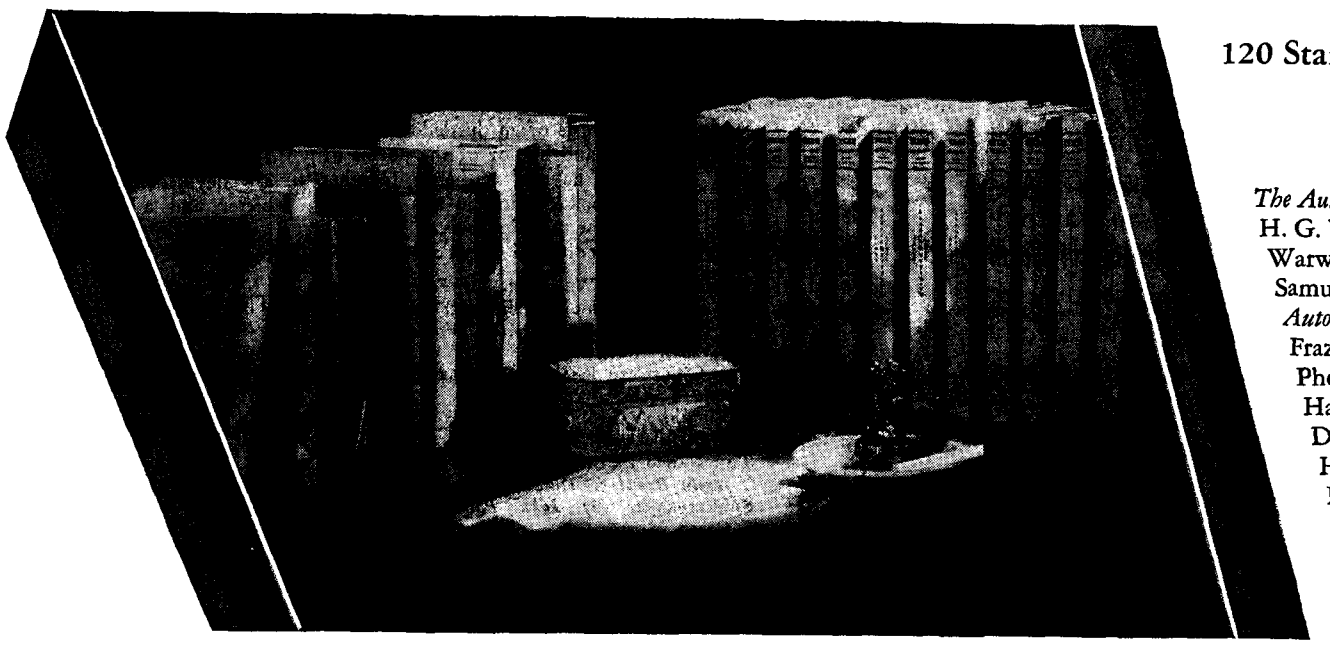
THE NEW ARTS
Edited by Philip N. Youtz $6

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
70 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK
Books That Live

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS at ⅓ the Cost!

through The Book League of America



THE FINAL PERFECTION OF THE BOOK CLUB IDEA

12 New Books (One selected each month as the best by an eminent Board of Editors)

12 Books of Established Reputation (Which you choose for yourself from a list of 120 famous works, including 43 for children)

24 Books in all for $18 (Special time payment plan if you prefer it)

120 Standard Books like these for you to choose from

(including 43 for children)

The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini (2 vols.)
H. G. Wells, *The Outline of History (4 vols.)*
Warwick Deeping, *The House of Adventure*
Samuel Butler, *The Way of All Flesh*
Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin
Frazer, *The Golden Bough (2 vols.)*
Phelps, *Essays on Modern Novelists*
Havelock Ellis, *The Dance of Life*
Dostoevsky, *Crime and Punishment*
Hardy, *The Return of the Native*
Robinson, *Practical Psychology*
The Education of Henry Adams
Henry James, *Daisy Miller*
Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*
Palgrave, *Golden Treasury*
The Travels of Marco Polo
Darwin, *Origin of Species*
Meredith, *Richard Feverel*
John Stuart Mill, *Essays*
Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*
Anatole France, *Thais*
Lamb, *Essays of Elia*
Douglas, *South Wind*
Melville, *Moby Dick*
Robinson, *Tristram*
Chekhov, *Stories*
Ibsen, *Plays*
Keats, *Poems*
Poe, *Tales*

INTELLIGENT men and women can hardly believe it. "You mean to say," they ask, "that we can get the best new books published each month, together with standard books of established reputation, *at only one-third the usual cost?*"

Yes, that is exactly what we DO mean! And today thousands of Book League members in all parts of the country are passing on the good word to their friends.

First of all, The Book League sends to each member each month the best book of that month as selected by an eminent Board of Editors—a Board that includes such outstanding literary figures as Eugene O'Neill, America's foremost dramatist; Edwin Arlington Robinson, author of "Tristram"; Alice Roosevelt Longworth, and the others pictured below. Think what it would mean if you had the privilege of going into a bookstore with one of these at your elbow to guide and advise you in your purchases. Yet that is exactly the privilege The Book League extends to you.

Books which YOU select

But no reading plan can be complete which does not include the outstanding books *of the past* — books every bit as thrilling as those being written today. And how many like this there are which you have never read, but which you have always *wanted* to read "some day". Until now no comprehensive reading program including books of this kind has been available to the public. And so The Book League offers each of its members, in addition to the best new book each month, *the right to select 12 cloth-bound volumes from a list of more than 120 books of established reputation*—all fresh from the press in fine editions. (See list at right, above.)

Books for children

Last of all, The Book League offers you, without additional cost, books for children. For the list of 120 standard books includes 43 for children of all ages, and you may include as many of these as you wish in the 12 you select.

The perfected book club

The 12 new books, in special Continental paperback editions, together with the 12 books of established reputation, cloth-bound — twenty-four in all — are offered to you through The Book League of America for $18—less than what you would ordinarily pay for six or seven of these same books bought separately.

All 12 of the books of established reputation which you select are sent to you immediately upon your becoming a paid-up Book League member. You can start reading them at once. The new book selected by the editors each month comes to you as soon as it is first published. And it is sent postpaid — nothing for you to pay on receiving it.

Send in the coupon below, and we will forward full details of this finally perfected book club plan. You may pay either in one payment or in six small monthly payments, as you prefer.

One Book FREE if you join now

To show you the fine format in which the new book each month is published, we will send you free, on receipt of this coupon, one of the Board of Editors' outstanding recent selections. Examine it carefully. Read it through if you wish. If you decide to join, keep it as a gift—in addition to the 24 books you get on your subscription itself. Otherwise return it to us in five days, without obligation.

THE BOOK LEAGUE of AMERICA, INC., Dept. S. R. 6
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me further information about The Book League of America and how I can become a member—also complete list of the 120 standard books to choose from. This request involves no obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

The BOOK LEAGUE *of* America

100 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE BOARD OF EDITORS

Eugene O'Neill — Alice Roosevelt Longworth — Edwin Arlington Robinson — Hamilton Holt — Frank L. Polk — Gamaliel Bradford — Van Wyck Brooks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
WILLIAM ROSE BENÈT
JOHN DRINKWATER

The Editor and an Associate Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* have joined hands with a distinguished British poet and dramatist to make this remarkable anthology. Its tendency is modernistic without slighting the major poets of the last quarter century, and the newer movements are fully represented. The combination of American and English, of critical and creative points of view, have resulted in a unique anthology that shows, as no other has, the richness and variety of contemporary verse.

$4.00 - - - *Houghton Mifflin Company*

TWENTIETH CENTURY POETRY

Richelieu

By Hilaire Belloc

The astonishing achievement of Armand-Jean du Plessis—bishop at twenty-one, cardinal before forty, master of France for eighteen years, an ardently Catholic Cardinal who, as an unintended result of his foreign policy, saved Protestantism in Europe and founded modern France.—Belloc's greatest biography. Illustrated. $5.00

LIPPINCOTT
PHILADELPHIA · LONDON

THE MIRACLE OF DEILLE
by J. L. CAMPBELL
(Author of FACE VALUE)
THE DUTTON PRIZE BOOK FOR NOVEMBER
The almost Incredible Story of lovely Thérese Ursule
$2.50
E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

GREEK GESTURES. By WILLIAM GRIFFITH. John Day. 1929. $1.50.

The subtitle of this volume is "Random Reports of a Twentieth Century Stranger in Attica." These are conversational verses with certain acknowledgments to the Greek Anthology. Mr. Griffith has heretofore principally been known for his "Loves and Losses of Pierrot." He touches things delicately. His verse is often thistledown. The laconic wisdom and humor of the poems of few lines that he has gathered together from his notebook do not, in this instance, quite make up for the slightness of his book. But it has, decidedly, the Greek accent.

TO THE PEOPLE WE LIKE. By *Frances Lester Warner*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.
ON GROWING OLD. By *Mrs. William Lowell Putnam*. Rudge. $2.
THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF CHARLES LAMB. Dutton. 2 vols.
HUMOR IN VARRO. By *Harry E. Wedeck*. Oxford: Blackwell.
THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND ART. By *Benjamin Brawley*. Duffield. $2.
SHAKESPEARE. By *John Bailey*. Longmans, Green. $1.40.

Biography

SHADES OF ETON. By PERCY LUBBOCK. Scribners. 1929. $2.50.

Percy Lubbock's reminiscences of his old school, written with a peculiar charm and sympathy, recreate the Eton of the last years of Victoria. Those men and women live again who interpreted to Lubbock's generation the ancient tradition that England's glory was safe so long as future baronets were properly impregnated with the Eton ideal. But this sympathy is ballasted with discrimination; it reflects the suspicion even then formulating in minds like Arthur Benson's that Eton's word might possibly not be final either in English education or in English polity. In their intimate charm and in their method these reminiscences recall Charles Lamb's; and in addition they help to explain the emergence of such extra-traditional leaders as MacDonald, Henderson, and Snowden.

NOT ALL THE TRUTH. By LEWIS MELVILLE. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $5.
STAGE FAVORITES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By LEWIS MELVILLE. The same. $6.

Rousseau proposed to tell all the truth, and apparently it might that he had done so; but a "Dichtung und Wahrheit" intention is usual, indeed is frequently declared by autobiographers who realize that a man does not tell all, even if he wants to, and as a matter of fact that he does not want to. Mr. Melville's autobiography is largely made up of his recollections of people he has known, who included nearly everyone in London really worth knowing; but the principal fact related at length about himself is that he was on the stage for a number of years. It may be suspected that he was not as poor an actor as he humorously would have us believe.

Mr. Melville has great facility in the making of readable books. They are not very scholarly, nor especially well done. He is not a candidate for the high honors of the biographer, but is content to be reasonable in an entertaining subject. Most of his books are on the eighteenth and early nineteenth century favorites of London society and the stage, though there is one on Nell Gwynn. Among them are: Windsor Beauties, Regency Ladies, Old Q, Beau Brummel, Lady Suffolk and Her Circle, and The Life and Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

GERMAN STUDENTS' WAR LETTERS. Edited by *Philipp Witkop*. Translated and arranged by *A. F. Wedd*. Dutton. $3.
BOURRU. By *Jean des Vignes Rouges*. Translated by *Ernest Hunter Wright*. Dutton. $2.50.
SAMUEL LANGFORD. Edited by *Neville Cardus*. Oxford University Press.

Drama

CREATIVE THEATRE. By ROY MITCHELL. Day. 1929. $4.

Everyone is aware that a few years ago the theatre reacted violently to the manners and methods of production of the first years of our century. This reaction, marshalled by Craig and Appia, has spent its course. Its manifestos have carried their points—and as manifested by our theatre's highest standard today have done so fairly well. And still, it remains for certain visionaries of the theatre to chart its future course—these men are called the artists of the theatre it seems, but they must be practical men—men who can work magic in the theatre.

Roy Mitchell in his book "Creative Theatre" has spun out a very highbrow and dull yarn of theatre theory, all tangled with pretentious knots that obscure the design of its esthetic embroidery. Obviously, Mr. Mitchell is sincerely excited about the theatre. He recognizes certain fundamental laws about it, such as the glowing relation that exists between an actor and his audience—an ancient state in drama which he freshly calls "paradosis." Most of his pages are devoted to creating in this theatre a better and a richer state. He points an accusing finger at the actor, designer, director, producer, and playwright for failing to remember their parts in his "Creative Theatre."

Motion is important in the theatre. Appia and others have felt that too, but somehow Mr. Mitchell does not seem to mean motion as we understand it. His treatment of motion is allegorical. Chapter ten is entitled "The Art of Motion"—Chapter eleven, "Motion Impaired"—Chapter twelve, "Motion Germinal." Its sub-headings are, 1. "The Kinds of Motion, 2. "The Vortex," 3. "The Genius of the Theatre," 4. "The Quest of Laws," 5. "Creative Motion."

If one sympathizes with the author in diagnosing the current theatre's ills as ænemic, don't feed it static esthetics as a remedy. For the amateur it makes of the theatre a soft-edged muse—for the professional it creates embarrassment, and the audience can but feel sorry for both. The next theatre needs only strong hands that will work with skill and conviction to dignify its stage. The motto of "Creative Theatre" is "Informed of purpose—Give me the daggers" and all the author accomplishes is "Words, words, words," for we are left in the theatre where he found us.

SHAKESPEARE—King Henry IV. Part I. Twelfth Night. Tragedy of King Lear. The Tempest. By *Thomas Marc Parrott* and *Robert Stockdale Telfer*. Scribners. $1.
NEW YEAR'S EVE. By *Waldo Frank*. Scribners. $2.
THE HUSBAND OF XANTHIPPE. By *Conrad Seiler*. Boston: Baker.

Economics

ECOMONIC CAUSES OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. By *Oscar Martin*. Macmillan. $2.50.
ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES OF CONSUMPTION. By *Paul H. Nystrom*. Ronald Press. $5.

Education

THE LITERATURE OF AMERICA. Vol. II. Edited By *Arthur Hobson Quinn, Albert Croll Baugh*, and *Will David Howe*. Scribners. $3.50.
JUST NORMAL CHILDREN. By *Florence Mateer*. Appleton.
THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER. By *A. Laura McGregor*. Doubleday, Doran.
SHORT STORIES FOR STUDY AND ENJOYMENT. By *Harold T. Eaton*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.20.
PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC WORK BOOKS. By *John Guy Fowlkes, Thomas T. Goff, William S. Taylor*, and *Wendell W. Wright*. 5 vols. 28 cents each.
THE BRANOM PRACTICE TESTS IN ADVANCED GEOGRAPHY. Series II. By *M. E. Branom*. Macmillan.
STUDIES IN SERVICE AND SELF-CONTROL. By *Hugh Hartshorne* and *Mark A. May*. Macmillan.
SUPPLEMENTARY READINGS IN ECONOMICS. By *Ralph C. Epstein*. Scribners. $2.25.
DEANS AND ADVISERS OF WOMEN AND GIRLS. By *Anna Eloise Pierce*. Professional and Technical Press.
ASSEMBLIES FOR JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS. By *Eileen H. Galvin* and *W. Eugenia Walker*. Professional and Technical Press.
THE DEAN IN THE HIGH SCHOOL. By *Mary Hooker Johnson*. New York: Professional and Technical Press.
CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT. Selected and edited by *Kendall B. Taft, John Francis McDermott*, and *Dana O. Jensen*. Houghton Mifflin.
MODERN SHORT STORIES. Edited by *Leonard Brown*. Harcourt, Brace.
A BOOK OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PROSE. Selected and edited by *Robert P. Tristram Coffin* and *Alexander W. Witherspoon*. Harcourt, Brace.
FRENCH WORD BOOK. Tabulated and edited by *George E. Vander Beke*. Macmillan.
COUNSELING THE COLLEGE STUDENT. By *Helen D. Bragdon*. Harvard University Press.
INTRODUCTION TO MILITARY HISTORY. By *Robert Greenhalgh Albion*. Century.
WESTWARD TOWARD AMERICA. By *Marion C. Clark* and *Wilbur Fisk Gordy*. Scribners. $1.20.
NEW METHOD IN COMPOSITION. By *William A. Boylan, Constance W. Fuller*, and *Albert S. Taylor*. Scribners. 60 cents.
THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL. By *Bernard Darwin*. Longmans, Green. $1.40.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

STEEL CHIPS. By IDWAL JONES. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

In a novel of splendid earnestness, Idwal Jones takes us into the life of Bram Dartnell, skilled machinist of Shop Forty, Atlas Iron Works, somewhere in the United States. The time is approximately 1912-1918. We have had altogether too few serious novels of industry, and almost none in which a factory hand or a machine worker was the protagonist. "Steel Chips" comes therefore as a novelty as well as an intrinsically good piece of work. Certainly it deserves a wide reading.

This Bram Dartnell is an ordinary sort of fellow. His father, a saloon-keeper, cock-fight promoter, and hard-boiled sport, sends the youngster over to Atlas, to begin at the bottom as an apprentice. Bram starts in Shop Forty, learns to tend machine under one Trego, and begins to sense the subtle and insinuating life of the shop. As the lad grows up, he changes jobs frequently and learns continuously, sizes up his bosses and fellow-workers, and gets the hang of the scheme of things. What a complexity, what a startling microcosm, is this Shop Forty. We penetrate its innermost coils of intrigue; we sense the possibilities of a life spent within its walls. This review can merely suggest the astonishing variety of mood, activity, preoccupation that fills these machinists' lives. We know their days as well as we know the days of Clayhanger, of Babbitt, of Soames Forsyte. Mr. Jones crashes through commonplace exteriors and reveals fascinating, significant diversity; this diversity he then molds and disciplines, being essentially master of his material. He makes Bram Dartnell's years in Atlas a human pilgrimage of importance, not to the pilgrim alone, but to us as well.

His novel is cool, dispassionate, unswerving. It is almost a miracle of detachment: in one meaningful pattern we find workmen, radical agitators, a strike, the effects of the World War upon the shops, and over all the colossal Atlas—these things in a pattern without a trace of propaganda, without a trace of thesis. Perhaps a trifle less detachment would have been just as useful, for at times during the reading we are not easily able to surmise just where the novel is heading. But at any rate we are given the gratifying privilege of drawing our own conclusion.

HORSES IN THE SKY. By LARRY BARRETTO. Day. 1929. $2.50.

There have been recently a good many excellent war novels, most of them stirring and brutal. Mr. Barretto's "Horses in the Sky" is not of their temper. To be sure, he does not enjoy the war, nor does he spare us descriptions of battle and death. The emphasis of the novel, however, is romantic, for the plot is concerned with Jerry Tower's search for his dream sweetheart and with his unwillingness to accept the offered love of a French farm-girl. The saccharine phrase "dream sweetheart" is not unjust, for Jerry saw Allison Porter only twice, and then fleetingly, before she fortunately arrived, a veritable *dea ex machina*, at the hospital where he lay wounded and dying. By her mere presence, she inspired him to recover. This sort of romance is incompatible with the novel's realistic attitude towards the war. Mr. Barretto would have done well to have had his story-book affair less pretty and less intrusive.

Some of Jerry Tower's soldier friends are excellent. The growth of Holmburg's cowardice is by far the best thing in the novel; it rings solidly true. Young Bender, though pitiful, is not able to command our sympathy; Hitchcock is as irritating to us as he was to his companions, but we have to respect him. The novel, then, has force in isolated passages, but as a whole it lacks high sincerity. It will do very well for those readers who cannot stomach the unrelieved grimness of many current war novels.

INVITATION TO THE DANCE. By MADGE JENISON. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

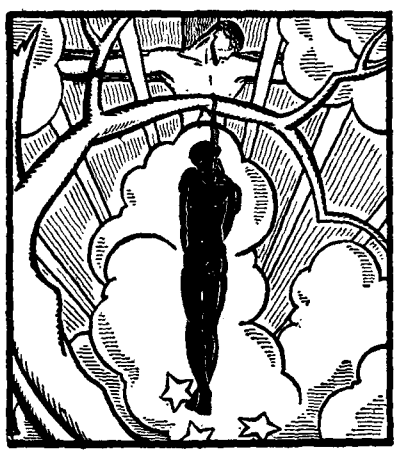
Though considerable charm of writing has been expended upon the creation of the heroine of this novel, Aunt Guddah, the idealized transformation which belatedly occurs in her character and the experiences by which she achieves that profound spiritual alteration seem slightly incredible. In 1886, at forty-four, a scrawny little spinster of repressed, negative personality, she marries a local realtor of sixty-three, as obscure and lonely a soul as herself. Seeking to increase her small inherited income, he loses the entire competence, reducing them to poverty, but nevertheless, Guddah has profitted in unworldlier ways by her marriage and when her husband dies at seventy does not long remain single. Her second husband, one Spangler, a kinsman of the first and a widower with five growing children, though a shiftless, quarrelsome brute, also contributes unconsciously toward the development of Guddah's expanding nobility of nature. Several more years pass, during which the Spanglers remove to Toledo, where Guddah is again widowed and, her step-children having since attained maturity, left alone. Onward, and ever upward, she journeys to California, at full flowering now though past sixty, a gentle, magnetic force winning for her the love and admiration of everyone with whom she comes in contact. The joy of life is continually hers in the happy decade that follows, and in her seventy-second year she acquires her third husband and a mate worthy of her. A wistful, unemphasized tenderness and appeal undoubtedly pervade the story, but Aunty and her remarkable rejuvenation are just a little too extraordinary for the hard-headed reader to swallow.

FEVER HOUSE. By WALTHER VON HOLLANDER. Translated from the German by SUSAN JENKINS. Macaulay. 1929. $2.50.

The setting throughout this squalid, morbidly pessimistic novel is a large Berlin apartment house, peopled by a motley collection of middle-class families, the keynote of whose existence is a ceaseless, strident bedlam. Expression of all the baser human passions is given unrestrained outlet in the combined noises which rend the premises by night and day. Seeking peace and quiet, there arrives in the house Manfred Urk, the chief character, son of a capitalist, misanthropic philosopher, grieving over the recent death of his beloved wife, who rents lodgings in the apartment of a quarrelsome elderly couple with two daughters. He is a scholarly man of forty, restless and unhappy, without aim or occupation, yet still hopeful of regaining some hold upon his disillusioned life. In perpetual contact with his various neighbors he passes through a nerve-racking ordeal. The eventual effect upon the sensitive, brooding Manfred of his reluctant association with all these repellent creatures is a fevered illness, while suffering which he is unable to distinguish realities from delirious imaginings. In the hilarious concluding pages we are treated to the spectacle of an idiot strangling a Russian peasant, then hanging herself, and of a consumptive yielding up her ghost, obscurely ironic events that leave the sick, distracted Manfred wondering fretfully what it's all about.

(*Continued on next page*)

"God's glory and my country's shame"



One cried, "Where is the bastard hid?"
"He is not here."
It was a faint
And futile lie.
"The hell he ain't.
We tracked him here. Show us the place.
Or else..."

A young negro, proud and quick with life, is to be lynched for striking down a white man who insulted him and an innocent girl. The mob has come to his mother's cabin to lead him away. She falls to her knees in prayer—his brother goes mad with blasphemy...

Here is the dark beauty and pathos of the negro soul, a cry from the lips of a negro who can be eloquent in behalf of his people. No lover of justice should miss this collection of impassioned lyrics—no lover of poetry will.

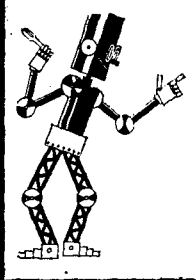
The Black Christ
and Other Poems
BY COUNTEE CULLEN
HARPER'S $2.00

An Impetuous and Dramatic Figure in Action
SHERMAN:
SOLDIER, REALIST, AMERICAN
By B. H. Liddell Hart

One of the year's most distinguished and satisfying biographies—a brilliant study of the most picturesque and characteristically American figure of the Civil War period, in which Sherman is revealed as the unquestioned military genius behind the Northern success.
Illustrated. $5.00

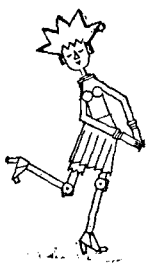
A Careful Appraisal of the Influence of a Far Seeing Leader Both in War and Peace
THE GENERALSHIP OF ULYSSES S. GRANT
By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller

A soldier of long reputation analyzes Grant and finds him the ablest general since Napoleon. "As an informed and thoughtful study of a great career and a great passage in our history, this bookcommandsrespect. Worth reading."—John W. Thomason, Jr. in Scribner's Magazine. Illus. $5.00



THE IRON MAN AND THE TIN WOMAN
With Other Such Futurities
By Stephen Leacock

A typical Leacock volume of brilliant and kindly burlesque, poking fun and satire at our social changes and present-day manners. $2.00



DODD, MEAD and COMPANY
449 Fourth Avenue New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a list of thoughtfully chosen books for the Fall we select these titles of proved interest.

CASANOVA
HIS KNOWN and UNKNOWN LIFE
By S. Guy Endore
The greatest of all lovers and scoundrels is here transformed from a rakehelly myth to a living and scandalously fascinating figure. Illustrated. $5.00

MARLBOROUGH
PORTRAIT OF A CONQUEROR
By Donald Barr Chidsey
From coast to coast reviewers and readers have shouted their enthusiasm for this high spirited biography of the Great Duke. Illustrated. $3.50

MEDALS OF HONOR
By James Hopper
True stories of eleven men who won the Congressional Medal. "A noble volume of pure adventure." *N. E. A. Book Survey.* Illustrated by John Alan Maxwell. $3.00

PEREGRINE PICKLE
By Tobias Smollett
Illustrated by Alexander King. A limited edition, beautifully printed on all-rag paper, with twenty full page illustrations. 950 copies, 2 vols., boxed. $15.00

NEW FICTION

EARLY CANDLELIGHT
By Maud Hart Lovelace
"This story of early Minnesota is a treat for lovers of the romantic."
—*New York Times.* $2.50

HORSES IN THE SKY
By Larry Barretto
"Told with an artistry and verisimilitude few war novels have surpassed."
—*New York Sun.* $2.50

THE WAKING BIRD
By Barbara Goolden
"More than a story, this is a sympathetic and welcome study of youth's feelings and phases." — *Boston Transcript.* $2.50

ALRAUNE
By Hanns Heinz Ewers
"A book of lovely and dreadful horrors, insidiously absorbing." — *Brooklyn Eagle.* Illustrated by Mahlon Blaine. $5.00

NEW POETRY and ESSAYS

THE TROPHIES
WITH OTHER SONNETS
By Jose Maria de Heredia
Newly and now completely translated into English. $3.50. *Limited Edition,* $10

HIGH FALCON
By Leonie Adams
"Abstract poetry in the highest sense."
—*Louis Untermeyer.* $2.50

GREEK GESTURES
By William Griffith
"Marvelous evocations of the Greek Spirit."—*Burton Rascoe.* $1.50

MALAESKA
By Mrs. Ann S. Stevens $2.50
CONTRACT
By George Reith $2.00
IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?
By Rube Goldberg $1.00
SINGING TIME
By Satis N. Coleman and Alice G. Thorn $2.50
A MAP OF CHILDREN EVERYWHERE
Designed by Ruth Hambidge $2.50
THE LIFE OF CHRIST: A MAP
Designed by Isabella Stevens Hunner $2.00

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY
386 Fourth Avenue New York

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from proceding page*)

THE EATER OF DARKNESS. By ROBERT M. COATES. Macaulay. 1929. $2.50.

Malcolm Cowley spreads himself over the jacket of "The Eater of Darkness" to announce that it is "the first purely Dada novel to be published in English." Dadaism would appear, therefore, to be a wise-cracking, lunatic sophistication, definitely a product of the *transition* school of writing. Irreverently, we suggest that for "Dada" we might just as well insert "blah-blah" or even "flap-doodle." Mr. Coates does not take his novel seriously; so why should we honor him with complete seriousness? He continually jests at himself, giggles when he might to his advantage be straight-faced, and plays the slapstick clown with unpleasant monotony. Typographically, rhetorically, and artistically "The Eater of Darkness" is mad. And madness, unless it be touched by some saving genius, is quite out of place in any novel.

This allegedly "Dada" novel is a burlesque murder story. An insane super-criminal kills by means of an invisible ray; his accomplice is the central character. The thin, jumpy narrative, which tells of the death of this accomplice, is extravagantly difficult to follow, by reason of obscurity and irrelevance. Irritated rather than satisfied, we keep asking, "What of it?" Yet some passages are amusing; others build up an emotional or sensual tension. We refer especially to chapters IX and XI. Undeniably Mr. Coates has wit, quickness of mind, imagination. Perhaps conscientiously fashionable *littérateurs* may fool themselves into believing that they like this sort of thing, and, even, that they understand it. But the most liberal lay-reader will turn the last page (if, indeed, he gets that far) in melancholy and despair. "The Eater of Darkness" seeks for novelty and freedom; it attains, however, merely pretentious and meaningless mannerisms.

SAPLINGS. By IRENE STILES. Henkle. 1929. $2.50.

The virtues of this novel are quietness and sincerity. Beyond these qualities there is little to interest or stir the reader. We never are in suspense; we never feel ourselves moved by the difficulties in the path of the lovers. No real plot exists, and the characters are dim shadows. Our only praise is for the background, which is London as it exists for this group of young artists. Zedd's, the school where they learn the patter of art; the tea-room so gallantly attempted; the week-ends in Surrey or on the Thames; the endless bustle over trivialities—all this is well suggested. We suspect that this general scene is a remembered one, and that Miss Stiles found her characters, too, in her ingenuous recollections of a life that she herself must once have lived. This suspicion is strengthened by the observed fact that the book lacks focus, selection, and forward movement; it is precisely the sort of thing that a tolerably talented writer might do if someone said, "Oh, my dear, why don't you write up all those interesting experiences you had at Zedd's and at The Kopper Kettle?" "Saplings" gets nowhere, since it has no passion, no convictions behind it. It is rather like a pleasant voice telling a vague little story.

GOLDEN RUBBISH. By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY. Putnam. 1929. $2.

To the plain reader, this volume is so dull that it is practically unreadable. Mr. Pelley is seriously putting forward some quite incomprehensible theory of "the Colossal Galvanism behind all mortal life." He also tries to make us understand "the science of vibration." The following is a fair sample of the way his characters hold forth:

> What I mean is this: Thinking, by and large, is a receiving of billions upon billions of sublimated light granules from the sun of Universal Intelligence, impacting on brain cells, demanding a housing, seeking conversion into the proper vibratory velocity for practical employment—not unlike the process of an electric current in a common Transformer. Great Thinkers are merely easy receivers; their perceptions are sensitized to tune in on the Absolute.

This sort of highfalutin jargon is all very well for those who think they understand it, but most readers will find it insufferable. Mr. Pelley saddles a tolerable narrative with this incubus of pseudo-mysticism, and as a result the narrative is completely done for before the book is well under way. As a novel, "Golden Rubbish" simply doesn't exist.

ROUX THE BANDIT. By ANDRÉ CHAMSON. Scribner. 1929. $2.50.

This is one of those serious and rather solemn French novels, laid almost entirely among peasants and in the remote countryside, which generally possess all the faults ascribed by Parisian critics to Anglo-Saxon literature. It is long, and the general tone is heavy, but the ability and sincerity of M. Chamson are not to be gainsaid. His story is, however, a different matter. Though it is claimed that Roux was an actual character,—a young peasant from the Cévennes who in 1914 refused to serve in the army, fled to the hills, and became a semi-legendary figure in local history,—the telling of his tale is often maladroit and unreal to the English reader. The frequent comparison of Chamson with Hardy,—made generally by Frenchmen who have never read a word of the Wessex novels,—is justified by many outward signs, but the inward spark which gives life to the whole sometimes ponderous apparatus of a novel of the soil is generally missing. Chamson's book remains a French parody of Hardy, which is far from admirable in itself.

Such a judgment, almost inevitable to a mind prejudiced beforehand against the comparison, is probably unfair to Chamson, whose "The Road" unquestionably makes a far better impression. He is one of the really considerable younger Frenchmen, and seems as yet immune from the fashionable influences which make many of his contemporaries almost unreadable to anyone not wholly wrapped up in the movement. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks seems to have taken the greatest pains with his version of the book, but it has been impossible to endow it with any particular life.

THE GODFATHER. By *Nalbro Bartly.* Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.
BLUE FOREST. By *Viola C. White.* Four Seas. $1.50.
THE BOLT. By *P. R. Shore.* Dutton.
CONSEQUENCES. By *Julia Ellsworth Ford.* Dutton. $2.50.
TO HIM THAT ENDURETH. By *James A. Herndon.* Caldwell, Idaho: Coxton.
VOLTAIRE'S CANDIDE. Illustrated by *Rockwell Kent.* Randum House.
CANDIDE. By *Voltaire.* Edited by *Morris Bishop.* Scribners. $1.
ZADIG. By *Voltaire.* Illustrated by *Valenti Angelo.* Rimington & Hooper.
THE ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE. By *Tobias Smollett.* Illustrated by *Alexander King.* Day. 2 vols.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

TIMBER LINE. By ALIDA SIMS MALKUS. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $2.50.
PIRATES' PORT. By ALIDA SIMS MALKUS. Harpers. 1929. $2.
CHILDREN OF THE BORDER. By ELLA SHANNON BOWLES. Lippincott. 1929. $2.

These three stories for young girls follow a pattern that calls for adventure, romance, and vivid description of time and place, but does not provide for character vitality except in broad general outlines. And rarely does one find such interesting, normal, and non-artificial stories made after this pattern. The authors unquestionably know the people and part of the world they describe. They have chosen adventuresome times and people of romantic spirit and so the fact that the stories are true does not render impossible thrills, but, in fact, lends them importance. In spite of the pattern the plot does not dominate the story. The spirit of a people holds interest equally with it.

The first two stories are by the author of "The Dragon Fly of Zuni." In "Timber Line" she has caught the spirit of Rocky Mountain people more accurately than in "Pirates' Port" she has conveyed that of the privateers and smugglers of New York when it was first under English rule.

"Children of the Border," more than the other two books, accepts the lamentable convention of excluding grown-up problems and activities from a young person's book. Young people, with a capacity that grown-ups forget easily, seek to understand those persons they will soon be among. "Children of the Border" gives its readers just enough of the problems of grown-up New Hampshire pioneers and of the feelings of the Indian to make them willing to trade, for more of it, some of the repeated telling of the children's fears.

(*Continued on page 462*)

"If I could create now one magic word that would make every one want to read the book I would write it down and be utterly satisfied."
—Margery Latimer in the New York Herald Tribune.

Look Homeward, Angel
by Thomas Wolfe

"As interesting and powerful a book as has ever been made out of the drab circumstances of provincial American life. . . . Enormously sensuous, full of the joy and gusto of life, and shrinkingly sensitive, torn with revulsion and disgust . . . a book to be savored slowly and reread."
—Margaret Wallace in the New York Times.

"Mr. Wolfe seems to me the most interesting writer of fiction to appear in America since Glenway Wescott."
—Thomas Beer.

2nd large printing

$2.50 Scribners

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 73. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best sonnet called "Vanity Fair." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of December 2.)

Competition No. 74. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short lyric to be interpolated in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of December 16.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SIXTY-NINTH COMPETITION

The prize for the best short rhymed poem called "The Firstborn" has been awarded to Barbara Williams, who should write, with her address, to claim her prize.

The Winning Entry

THE FIRSTBORN

THE birds in the garden
Make merry and sing
On sun-gilded branches
All laden with Spring—
Out here sits the darkness,
The moon rises late;
God pity the Firstborn
Laid cold at the gate.

From Light out of Darkness,
From Earth out of Flood
God fashioned the garden
And saw it was good.
With His hand full of dust
And the foam of the sea
God fashioned my father
Beneath a green tree.

He took of the tree then
Its branch and its bud
And made for my mother
Her sweet maidenhood.
He took of the tree then
Its leaf and its flower
And made for my mother
Her bed and her bower.

A wind out of Heaven
Struck flower and fruit;
The tree, it was riven
Its stem and its root.
In the wind-bitten meadow
Unroofed from the sky,
Unsheltered, reluctant,
And weeping came I.

The birds in the garden
Make merry and sing
On the blossoming grass
And the sweet boughs of Spring.
Out here sits the darkness;
The gray moon is late;
God pity the Firstborn
Laid cold at the gate.

BARBARA WILLIAMS.

I was astonished not to receive something better than this week's best. The variety of the entries did not compensate for the absence of more than two or three really printable poems. There were verses about the editorial rejection of manuscripts, about the fading of firstborn dreams (the rainbow-tinted kind, of course), about Ford cars, the birth of twins, Cain's murder of Abel, young fathers behaving traditionally in hospital waiting rooms, and even about a male emu hatching out his ungrateful wife's eggs. Few of these even distantly approached the standard one has learned to demand on this page.

Even the outstanding entries were below par, the authors' par as well as ours. Mary Waterman, an old and respected prize-winner, sent a sentimental little character poem as nauseatingly realistic as any I have ever read and lacking even the tough humor of the old music-hall song that might have been its original.

Arjeh wrote in free verse a kind of monologue spoken by one of Pharaoh's serving maids after the last Plague of Egypt; "Willowby" spoiled a good piece of work by interpolating here and there the quite unnecessary line-refrain "Little son," which was too near to "Sonny Boy" for my liking; Jane Urquhart's concluding lines provided a ruinous anti-climax to an impressive direct description of childbirth, and Howard Donnelly offered four variants of a single poem, all of which were more or less unintelligible. Jean Waterbury must learn to be sparing with abstract nouns and images, and Homer Parsons still needs to distinguish more carefully between rhetoric and poetry. Most of these competitors have written better for the Wits' Weekly in the past and will do so, I hope, again.

There remained Claudius Jones, Paul Sandoz (who, in a single poem, used indifferently both third and second person pronouns, and thus spoiled some good lines), Eleanor Glenn Wallis, Clifford Gessler, G. F. R. Walker, and the prize-winner, whose medieval-sounding middle stanzas have a definite charm and a lyric tone that I miss in the rival entries and also at the beginning of her own poem. She took the prize by a hair's breadth from those whose verses are printed below. Claudius Jones offered two entries, one a sonnet which I hope to print later, the other a monologue which was a little too long to qualify as a short poem.

When the hot agony was past, and
the drugged sleep,
I woke refreshed and the nurse
brought you in;
I had not felt impatience, only deep
Relief that all was over and a faint
Amused excitement and expectancy;
I never had *liked babies—it was*
quaint
That I should be a mother. Could I
guess
Until I saw small, mottled you
emerge
From woolly wrappings that my ten-
derness
Would rush to meet the son that I
had bought
With such a price of pain? And
could I know
What hungry searching lips so
quickly taught?

ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS.

Between the fronds of flame-hung
trees
That glow like lanterns through the
town,
Across the fragrant mountain breeze
The mellow sunlight trickles down

And spreads bright pools along the
grass
And gilds the roadway where I go
Remembering lovely things that pass,
And one whose laugh was sweet to
know—

And try to think; with that same
smile
His face is lifted to the sun
In that far-hidden mystic isle
Where Kane's living waters run.

CLIFFORD GESSLER.

For seven hours has he endured the
strain,
Trying all this time to make the
nurses
Think that he was calm and uncon-
cerned
With parenthood and these grim
sounds of pain.

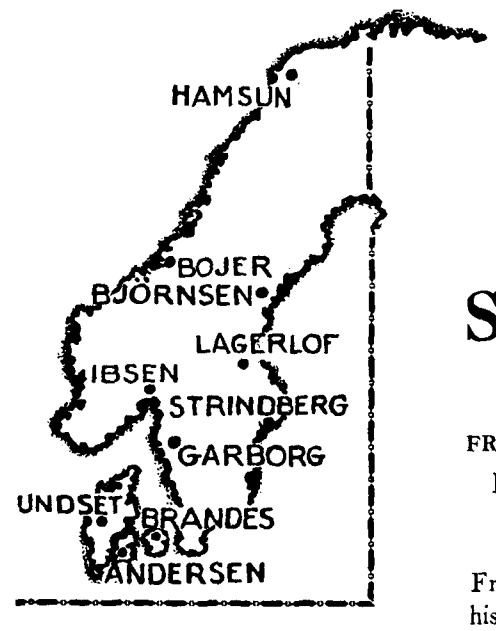
There was no screaming, but sounds
that women make,
That men must blench to hear, such
sounds as tear
A futile curse on God from hearts
made mad
With chains of helplessness they can-
not break.

Then stillness, the pressure of the
sounds released,
And now he dares to think: I am a
father.
He is surprised to find this matters
less
Than that the fearful sounds of birth
have ceased.

G. R. WALKER.

RULES

Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned.



"The Parent of the Peasant Novel"

PEACE

By Arne Garborg

Translated by Phillips Dean Carleton

With Ibsen and Björnson, Arne Garborg ranks as pivotal figure in Norwegian literature. *Peace*, Garborg's greatest work, is now for the first time translated. Here is the story of a strong mind destroyed by its own nobility, a classic to stand with the great novels of the world. "Not only the parent of the peasant novel, but much better than most of its progeny."—Hanna Astrup Larsen, *Editor, The American-Scandinavian Review.* $2.50

The First Book for the American Reader on

Scandinavian Literature

FROM BRANDES TO OUR DAY

By H. G. Topsöe-Jensen

Translated by Isaac Anderson

From Brandes—who, in 1871 with his epoch-making lectures, inaugurated modern literature in Scandinavia—to Sigrid Undset, this book surveys the most active years of Norwegian, Swedish and Danish literature. To the American reader, who knows the individual work of many Scandinavians, but has had no chance to learn of the writers themselves, this book gives a vivid picture of Scandinavian literature which will make the reader sense it as a whole.

Illustrated, $3.50

Edited by The American-Scandinavian Foundation

W. W. NORTON & CO., INC.
70 Fifth Avenue
New York

The Saga of the Younger Forsytes

A Modern Comedy

by

John Galsworthy

A complete and fascinating novel in itself and the conclusion of the Forsyte history. Includes "The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," "Swan Song," and "Two Forsyte Interludes."

$2.50 798 pages Scribners

Armchair Adventures—

The Thinking Machine
By C. Judson Herrick $3.00

The Philosophic Way of Life
By T. V. Smith $2.50

The Bhagavad-Gita
Translated from the Sanskrit by
Arthur W. Ryder $2.00

***The Saleslady**
By Frances R. Donovan $3.00

Progressive Relaxation
By Edmund Jacobson $5.00

The University of Chicago Press

***The Saleslady**

By Frances R. Donovan.

A photographic picture of the modern saleswoman—a participant in the drama of buying and selling in which the manager and the customer play the supporting roles. *$3.00*

". . . a commentary on contemporary life . . a social study . . and very good reading besides."
—*Chicago Evening Post*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mystery Land of the World

In the form of an imaginary tour with an American millionaire, the author spreads a tremendous panorama of India, past, present and future. He tells something of its men, its religion and its spirit, its temples, bazaars and factories, the emancipation of its women, something of its history and its art. A discerning, discriminating portrayal of India, vivid and entrancing.

VISIT INDIA WITH ME

By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

Author of "My Brother's Face," "Gay-Neck," "The Face of Silence," etc.

$3.50

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc., N.Y.

FIRST EDITIONS AND OTHER FINE AND RARE BOOKS

Catalogues from

R. FLETCHER, LTD.

23 New Oxford St., London WC1 England

BOOKS

Have your name placed on the mailing list of this famous bookshop.

Write to Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Bookseller and Publisher, 27 Lewis Street, Hartford, Connecticut, for list of his own publications.

The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page 460*)

DORNA, OR THE HILLVALE AFFAIR. By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRLS. By HELEN MILICETE DUFFIELD. 1929. $2.

MARISE. By LOUISE PLATT HAUCK. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $2.50.

THE OTHER CROWD. By MABEL PIERCE ASHLEY. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $1.75.

Of the four books listed above, the first is the least successful. The plot is forced, likewise the humor, and the "affair" rather inept. Nevertheless, for the not too critical audience for whom it is intended, the story of the little girl who longed for "folks" and comes through suspicion and unjust accusation to win her heart's desire will prove satisfactory reading.

In "The Strawberry Girls" we have the story of girls who met their troubles of poverty and hard work with courage and gay hearts. The successful ending is brought about largely by the author, who sees to it that her circumstances are quite ready to be overridden rather than to override, but this is not too plainly evident on the surface. The story ran serially in the *Youth's Companion*.

"Marise," the best because the most natural of these four stories, is somewhat like "The Strawberry Girls" in that its heroine is suddenly placed in difficult and dismaying circumstances and surmounts them in the end to a completely satisfactory conclusion. Mrs. Hauck has written before of happenings in Missouri, and anyone who has traveled in that state can visualize both the setting and some of the characters which appear in this story.

"The Other Crowd" tells of a small-town girl who comes to spend a summer with a rich and very modern cousin. While she is naturally attracted by the dancing and motoring and the fast and furious crowd of her cousin and her friends, she is gradually won over to the "other crowd" of more normal boys and girls, and we see her, at the end of her stay, deciding to go on to college with them rather than to the college elected by her gayer cousin.

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER AND THE GLORY. Stories from the Old Testament selected and decorated by JOSEPH DAUGHERTY. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

It is difficult to know just how to place such a book as this. There have been many selections of Bible stories made for young people, and Mr. Daugherty's seems among the best, partly because he has included some of the less well-known traditions of Hebrew history and partly because he has left the narratives in the fine old English of the Authorized Version. The disadvantage of the occasional archaic or Hebraic expression could have been cleared by a footnote or two, and it is a pity that this was not done, since the superiority of the fine old English to the rewriting so often attempted is unquestionable. The reading is made unnecessarily difficult, however, by retaining the italics used in the Bible itself to indicate words supplied by the translators, a textual meticulousness rather absurd in view of the book's audience.

In his illustrations Mr. Daughtery is less successful. At a first glance they seemed interesting, but a closer view shows them confused and imitative. The impression is of an attempt at pictorial design for which the artist is not equipped. It is doubtful also whether boys and girls, for whom this book is intended, are attracted by this type of illustration, unless it is extremely well done,' and they are often curiously competent to appraise the value of the art work which is supposed to make books more attractive to them, a fact which both artists and publishers cannot afford to overlook.

THE CROOKED APPLE TREE. By CORNELIA MEIGS. With illustrations by HELEN MASON GROSE. Little, Brown. 1929. $2.

A charming story of two orphans, Anthony, aged thirteen, and Jane, eleven, and Nora-Who-Lives-With-Us, which will be a delight for both boys and girls. The two children, after the death of their father and mother and the loss of much of their money, have come to live at Winstead, a lovely old town on the Mississippi, which was Nora's and their mother's former home. They discover with joy a real friend, Matthew Ballantine, who tells them the history of the old cabin on Apple Creek Hill, where grows the crooked apple tree, many years old. Matthew is a delight to the children in contrast to their niggardly guardian, Jarvis, who, as they go on to discover, was mormerly Matthew's business partner. Jarvis almost wrecks their happiness, but the children's wish to build a house on Apple Creek Hill for Nora finally comes true.

The author has created a lovable character in Anthony, whose devotion to his Irish setter, Brian Boru, makes him a real boy. His accepted responsibility for Jane and Nora is almost manlike. Jane is a precocious little child, timid, but with great confidence in Anthony.

The book is full of thrills and surprises such as children love, all interestingly told. There are many fascinating illustrations in black and white by Helen Mason Grose.

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE IN FRANCE. By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN. Illustrated by DECIE MERWIN. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.

Any young travellers who have been able to benefit by Clara Laughlin's previous books will find it good news to hear that another one of her European series is ready. Whatever elders, also, may be planning to accompany children abroad should be glad of the same news, for children's journeys will be a success if taken as this author and her two little nieces (her spokesmen in these travel books) know how to plan them and carry them out. Just the right stories from history are always at hand; just the right mixture of sight-seeing and relaxation is suggested, and the wisest selection made of what children can take in with profit and pleasure. This volume is about France—all the parts one would be most likely to visit, with an excellent section on Paris by itself. It is written in a lively style, and the material is well arranged. Any child will enjoy reading it in advance and certainly will find it indispensable when he is at last "on the spot." The illustrations are both enjoyable and valuable.

THE 1929 CHRISTMAS TREE ANNUAL. London: Benn.

TWILIGHT TALES. By *Patten Beard*. Rand-McNally. $1

Miscellaneous

YOU CAN'T FAIL. By RUTHERFORD PLATT. Putnams. $1.50.

MANUEL DE FALLA AND SPANISH MUSIC. By *J. B. Trend*. Knopf. $2.50.

THE MIND'S DELIGHT. By *Hedley Hope-Nicholson*. Hale, Cushman, & Flint.

BUNDLING PROHIBITED. By *A. Monroe Aurand, Jr.* Aurand Press.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN GERMANY. By *Theodore Hampe*. Translated by *Malcolm Letts*. Dutton. $3.

SHEEP. By *Archer B. Gilfillan*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

TEMPERANCE—OR PROHIBITION? Edited by *Francis J. Tietsort*. New York, 220 South Street.

THE MALE APPROACH. By *Heinrich F. Wolf*. Covici-Friede. $3.

IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE LAST SEVEN YEARS IN EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN HISTORY. By *F. E. Woyer*. Self-Test Publishing Co., 603 West 51st St.

MODES AND MANNERS: Ornaments. By *Max von Boehn*. Dutton. $5.

THE AMERICAN JEWISH YEAR BOOK, 5690. Edited by *Harry Schneiderman*. Jewish Publication Society.

EXPERIENCE WITH THE SUPERNATURAL IN EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES. By *Shirley Jackson Case*. Century. $3.

THE INTENDANT SYSTEM IN SPANISH AMERICA. By *Lillian Estelle Fisher*. University of California Press.

WHAT HAPPENED IN PALESTINE. By *Maurice Samuel*. Stratford. $2.

THE ECONOMICS OF INSTALMENT TRADING AND HIRE-PURCHASE. By *W. F. Crick*. Pitman. $1.50.

THE MEMORIAL QUADRANGLE. A Book about Yale. By *Robert Dudley French*. Yale University Press. $5.

THE AMERICAN PEACE CRUSADE. By *Merle Eugene Curti*. Duke University Press. $3.50.

A LETTER FROM PONTIUS PILATE'S WIFE. By *Catherine van Dyke*. Bobbs-Merrill.

Travel

BLUE GLAMOR. Ports and People of the Mediterranean. By WEBB WALDRON. Illustrated by MARION PATTON WALDRON. Day. 1929. $4.

Where lies the age-old glamor of the Mediterranean? In memories of Athenian triremes on its waves or Roman legions tramping the high shores? In that case one might better stay at home and read his history—for the bright Mediterranean sun dissolves the wraiths of Alicibiades and Cæsar. In ruins? Then the traveler of to-day is born a century too late, for the ruins have all been cleaned and ticketed and their glamor has departed. In galleries where Thomas Cook leads his hurrying hosts? Glamor and Thomas Cook dwell not together. A living glamor is to be found among the living, not the dead—in contemporary streets where many-colored life seems drawn by the sun out of the rocks and blue sea—the Mediterranean life, sun-born, rock-born, sea-born, autochthonous, individual, momentary, and endless. If this is the Mediterranean that, seen or unseen, you love, then Mr. Waldron is your man.

"Blue Glamor" is an authentic travel record which—oh, marvellous—touches reality. Factually, the author and his wife embarked in January on a freight steamer of only 7800 tons—incredible luxury for a Columbus, but fairly arduous in these soft days—and duly reached their azure goal. There the steamer skirted the southern, eastern, and northern coasts, making the usual ports of call, Cairo, Jaffa, Athens, Constantinople, Naples, Leghorn, Marseilles, Valencia. But—otherwise this review would not be written—there is nothing of the usual tourist's attitude in the author's account of these ports. Museums and galleries figure in it not at all. His world is the world of docks and marts and cabarets. He reproduces the thronged streets of the south, where sailors, stevedores, guides, foreign travelers, merchants, and prostitutes jostle in the sun. A curious but ironic spectator, he gets their stories and moves on when his ship summons him. The style is informal—journalistic if you will—but the author is much more than a mere journalist; he is something of a philosopher as well.

Of all Mediterranean capitals, Rome alone has the manner of power. Cairo is a tourist resort, Athens is an overgrown village, Constantinople is a capital bereft. Rome has a hard, ruthless dignity, a proud bearing of importance in its streets, in its life. . . . The only gentle people in Rome are the baby-faced carabinieri, who are not Romans and who, as everybody knows, always go about in pairs arm in arm to protect themselves from the fascisti.

That gives you, in a single passage, the whole history of the eternal city as she has always been—the Rome of Marius and Sulla, of Colonna and Orsini, of Mussolini and Matteotti. Only the names change. Something of this timeless quality hangs over the whole volume, in which the quick passing glance focusses a brooding, lingering mind. We have been late in reviewing it, but the value of this work is for to-morrow as well as yesterday.

John Dewey says:

"It is an event of the first intellectual order"

PROCESS and REALITY

By A. N. WHITEHEAD

Author of *Science and the Modern World* and *Religion in the Making*

"It is not too much to say that Mr. Whitehead's last book . . . is more than a forerunner of the revival of systematic philosophies. It belongs in scope and intent with the great classic systematization of history."—John Dewey in the *N. Y. Sun*

"It will be considered one of the greatest intellectual achievements of this age."—*Henry N. Wieman*

At bookstores $4.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • • NEW YORK

The National Best-Seller

A Farewell to Arms

"One of those things you simply have to read because everybody else will be reading it."—Town and Country.

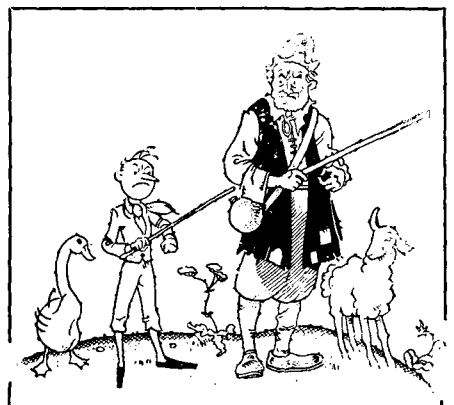
by

Ernest Hemingway

fifth large printing

$2.50 Scribners

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For Boys and Girls

Read Them and Laugh!

KASPERLE'S ADVENTURES
By Josephine Siebe

He is learning to tend geese at the top of this column. His adventures take place in Germany, where the children know him as a naughty wooden boy. $3.00

THE FAT CAMEL OF BAGDAD
By K. O. S.
(Baroness Dombrowski)

The adventures of Abdallah and a mysterious camel who bears a great resemblance to his wife. $2.00

MR. HERMIT CRAB
By Mimpsy Rhys

A Victorian author of thirteen writes a story of a Cornwall seaside resort and the adventures of two small girls. $2.25

THE BALLAD OF TANGLE STREET
By Peggy Bacon

Remarkable pictures and verses that relate the life of a cat on a city street. $2.50

TIGERS AND THINGS
By Andy Kauffman and His Little Sister

Just how to behave to tigers, lions, elephants and hippopotami, told in pictures and verses. $2.00

TOUTOU IN BONDAGE
By Elizabeth Coatsworth

A fat white fox terrier who is kidnapped by a Berber, travels through Morocco performing tricks. $2.00

ALL ABOUT PETS
By Margery Bianco

Just how to bring up guinea pigs, rabbits, alligators, dogs, turtles, cats, birds and goldfish. $2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
New York Boston Atlanta Chicago
Dallas San Francisco

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

P. R. L. asks also for novels with a railroad setting, in which their building or operation furnishes the motif; *he is familiar with the novels of Frank H. Spearman, but can find little else, and is surprised, since the theme has both romance and drama.*

"YOUNG Blood," by Francis Lynde (Scribner), involves a murder; the railroad interest concerns the running of a branch road against the parent organization. Mr. Lynde's other railroad novels (Scribner) are, "The Fight on the Standing Stone," in which two companies race to complete a road opening new gold fields; "The Donovan Chance," and "The Wreckers." "Power," by Arthur Stringer (Bobbs-Merrill), is a biographical novel of a pioneer railroad man. The most important novel of this description, however, is "Hill Country," by Ramsey Benson (Stokes), which is the story of J. J. Hill and the awakening West. "The Night Operator," by Frank L. Packard (Scribner), has ten short stories dealing with a road in the Rockies. "Roads of Doubt," by Wm. Macleod Raine (Doubleday, Doran), is a Western story about a road through a pass. To these definitely railroad novels I would add one in which the railroad plays an important back-stage part, Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady" (Knopf). One might put in two works of non-fiction, "Romances of the Rails," by Agnes C. Laut (McBride), and even "Human Relations in Railroading," by Hayes Robbins (Simmons). There are two books of verse thus inspired, "Singing Wheels," by S. W. Mase, published by the author at Little Rock, and "Rail Rambles in Rhyme," by E. S. Brooks (Occult). I suppose one could include the deathless verse of Beatrice Bernstein, which is savored by a small and devoted group, much as the novel "Irene Iddlesleigh" is cherished in England. This poet travelled a great deal in this country and abroad, and wrote about it from a car-window.

D. M., New Orleans, La., asks for books which show "what different peoples have thought about immortality and how it may be obtained."

"MAN and the Attainment of Immortality," by J. Y. Simpson, published some five or six years ago by Doran but still in print and readily accessible, puts together the ideals of an after life as held in other times and places as well as in our own. There is also "The Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy, and Life," by G. A. Gordon (Houghton Mifflin), and "The Idea of Immortality; Its Development and Value," by George Galloway (Scribner); for a special study of Greek ideals of immortality there is L. R. Farnell's "Greek Hero Cults" (Oxford University Press), and for the distinctively modern attitude, Kirsopp Lake's "Immortality and the Modern Mind" (Harvard University Press), and "Future Life in the Light of Modern Inquiry," by Samuel McComb (Dodd, Mead). Of the books embodying the mind of one man in the matter, I am most deeply moved by "The Tragic Sense of Life," by Miguel de Unamuno (Macmillan), a book that should be made known to every thoughtful reader; it is strongly, strangely, desperately sincere.

H. W. C., Vergennes, Vermont, has been looking for an edition of "Farm Ballads," by Will Carlton, with "The First Settler's Story," containing a stanza beginning "Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds, you can't do that when you are flying words." She wishes to own a copy of this book, which has for her a high sentimental value, but the National Farm Journal, *which sends on the request for me, tried in vain to discover an edition of this once-famous and long-favorite work, with this poem.*

THE immense popular success of Will Carlton's "Farm Ballads," perhaps the fact that it was issued in several forms, has made people forget that he wrote anything else. Yet "Farm Festivals" was almost as well-received when it appeared early in the eighties (the copy I consulted in the British Museum is dated 1881, but is the British edition of Sampson, Low). In one of these, "The Pioneer Meeting," settlers tell their experiences, and this melodramatic story, long used as deadly ammunition by parlor elocutionists, is the opening entry. The lines that have kept it alive are:

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire," is good advice, we know;
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said!

In the same volume are the parlor thriller describing the falling of the Scottish Bridge of San Luis Rey—the Tay Bridge which went down with a train brightly lighted and crowded with passengers—and the poem about "The Travelled Parson," who was given a trip to Europe and never stopped preaching about it until his parishioners protested and the effort to refrain from saying "when I was in Europe" sent him on an even longer journey.

I have a reason for knowing all this, so that I could pick the book at once from the recesses of the B. M.'s collections. When I was very young, there was a public celebration of Memorial Day in the city where I lived, and Will Carlton, then at the height of national popularity, was imported to read, from this volume, "Conversation with the Slain." This is a sort of dialogue in which the spirits of the former combatants make reply, and I, being at the time a sort of Infant Phenomenon because I spoke distinctly, was chosen to wear a pretty white frock and my hair in thirteen curls, and confront the tall, thin poet. So I read everything else in the book pretty carefully, as one does when it is bestowed upon one by the author. But early in the morning of that Memorial Day my soldier father died, and I do not know who took my place on the platform.

L. A. F., Mastic, L. I., has a relative who wants a book that will "tell her all about Windsor Castle."

THERE is, of course, the combination of description and history in Baedeker and the Blue Guides, but I suggest combining this with fiction and trying the old favorite, "Windsor Castle," by William Harrison Ainsworth, author of "The Tower of London." Both of these are to be found in the complete Ainsworth published by Dutton; "Windsor Castle" is also in "Everyman's" and is issued by Collins, Warne & Nelson in inexpensive form.

M. H. W., Syracuse, N. Y., says that the novel asked for by *C. K. H., Carrolton, Georgia,* must be "Marietta, a Maid of Venice," by F. Marion Crawford, published in 1901. "It is a Venetian story of Murano and Venice; Marietta, daughter of a wonderful old glass-blower of enormous wealth, loves and is loved by her father's workman, a Dalmatian. The history of the period, the local details, and the artistic matters are carefully studied. C. K. H. might also be interested in Elinor Wylie's "The Venetian Glass Nephew." The same information came also from *M. D. D., Randle, Washington.*

THE Spanish cookbook asked for by G. M. V., Cambridge, Mass., has also been found for him by two readers, book librarians: *G. G. C., University of the State of New York,* and *W. J. H., Gary, Indiana.* It is "Ramona's Spanish-Mexican Cookery, the first complete and authentic Spanish-Mexican cookbook in English, edited and modernized by Pauline Wiley-Kleeman," and may be purchased for $1.50 from F. F. Kleeman, Room 600, Lankershim Building, Los Angeles, Cal. The author has spent many years in Latin-American countries, managed a cooking-school, and edited a page of Home Economics for the largest newspaper in Mexico, *El Universal.* I think I will have to get this; up to now my idea of Mexican cookery has been that it consisted entirely of beans, varied occasionally by beans.

J. C., Asheville, N. C., suggests to the Texas nature students, in respect to astronomy, that they read Evangeline Adams's "Astrology" or Pagan's "From Pioneer to Poet," as side-lines. "These are both descriptions," she says, "of the effect of the zodiac—that is, of twelve familiar constellations—on persons born under their several influences."

Intensive efforts are being made in England to trace the volume of Spenser's "Faery Queene" which was recently stolen from Cartmel Priory in Lincolnshire.

THE STOKES FINGER POST

Stock-market or no stock-market—the novel to carry you miles out of your arm-chair tonight is FUGITIVE'S RETURN! "For all its wildness of emotion"—says *The New Yorker,* FUGITIVE'S RETURN is worth a half-dozen smug contented novels." . . .

Read **Fugitive's Return**
by
Susan Glaspell

A love-story, modern, thrilling, beautiful—a book that will clarify life for you . . . "Distinctly her best novel"—Isabel Paterson in the New York *Herald-Tribune.* . . . "Surpasses her splendid achievement. 'Brook Evans'" —*Phila. Ledger.* $2.50

What does money mean to *you?* What do you really know about it—beyond the fact that it's a good thing to have? A popular story that every thinking man or woman will want to read is THE STORY OF MONEY, by Norman Angell . . . .

The Story of Money
by
Norman Angell
Author of "The Great Illusion"

Starting with the fascinating story of how money originated, the famous economist writes an amazing, an eye-opening book on the whole subject of what money is and what it means to you today. Illustrated . . $5.00

What does *your* happiness depend on? Anthony, a young man about London, hadn't a cent—but he had "the gift of laughter" and a magic formula for finding joy and color in a hum drum world. Read his delightful story in Eleanor Farjeon's KALEIDOSCOPE! $2.50

The Overland Trail
By Agnes C. Laut

Probably no highway in the world has had so colorful, so heroic, so adventurous a story. This book follows the Oregon Trail step by step. Illustrated . $3.50

Buy your books of your bookseller.
F. A. STOKES COMPANY
443 4th Avenue . . . . New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY

By ROBERT BRIDGES

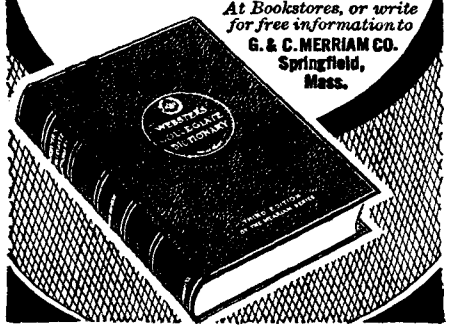
Will be published December fifth

250 numbered copies are being printed by William Edwin Rudge on Vidalon hand-made paper, bound in quarter cloth and Cockerell marble papers. $25.00

Subscriptions are being entered in the order of their receipt by booksellers and

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Best Abridged Dictionary
It is Based Upon
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary
A short cut to accurate information—a companion for your hours of reading, writing and study that will quickly make itself indispensable for its wealth of ready information on just the questions which most often puzzle you.
A Merriam-Webster: 106,000 Entries including the important *NEW WORDS*. 1,700 Illustrations.
Cloth, $5.00; Fabrikoid, $6.00; Leather, $7.50.
At Bookstores, or write for free information to
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Springfield, Mass.



JAMES F. DRAKE, *Inc.*
Rare Books :: First Editions
Autographs
CATALOGUES ISSUED
14 West 40th Street, New York

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins and Gilbert M. Troxell

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

First Offerings Appear

THE TRAVELS OF LEMUEL GULLIVER. By JONATHAN SWIFT, with an Introduction by SHANE LESLIE and Illustrations by ALEXANDER KING. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1929.

MY colleague in this department has expressed himself in print on the subject of "limited editions," considered in the abstract. Fortunately for me, I can now consider the "first fruits" of two of the projected series of limited editions on the score, not of what it is proposed to do (and why), but on the basis of actual published volumes in the series. It has been with no small amount of interest that many of us have waited for the appearance of these initial offerings. We have known pretty well what sort of printing to expect from the principal printers whose names have been announced, but *there is always a justifiable curiosity in* wanting to see what each has actually accomplished.

The terms of the contract are, in the case of the books to be issued by the Limited Editions Club, fifteen hundred copies, a subscription price of $10 per volume, and a free hand to the printer or illustrator. In this instance, the printer is Norman T. A. Munder, of Baltimore.

This first book from the Limited Editions Club is a large octavo of some three hundred pages. The book is set in Goudy Italian Old Style. If any objection were to be raised to the type page, it might be that it is a bit crowded, due to a rather too small type size for the length of line. But the Italian Old Style is a readable, clear, open face, with just enough eccentricity in the drawing to make it fitting for Swift's fantasy.

The illustrations by Alexander King are full-page ones, eighteen in number, and reproduced in two colors. I wish I could like them better, but while they have a slightly weird quality, as would befit the subjects, they are not, it seems to me, so good as they should be. The use of Ben Day screen to secure gradations in tone is never very successful, and the color is not pleasant.

The book is printed on a heavy, laid paper, watermarked with a special design, and it is needless to say that it shows Mr. Munder's usual exemplary presswork. The binding in leather back and cloth sides is both useful and in harmony with the color scheme of the illustrations. The end papers, by Mr. King, are especially amusing and *à propos*.

As a library edition the book has two merits in particular—the introduction by Mr. Shane Leslie, and the announcement that "this edition is intended to contain the full text of 'Gulliver's Travels' as Jonathan Swift wrote it," the emendations by Swift's printer, Motte, having been replaced by Dean Swift's marginal corrections in an edition belonging to Charles Ford.

I have no hesitancy in saying that if the book leaves a little something to be desired in the way of perfection, it is nevertheless a good, sound piece of work, and worth the subscription price.

ZADIG. By M. DE VOLTAIRE. An Introduction by DAVID GARNETT and Illustrations by VALENTI ANGELO. New York: Rimington & Hooper. 1929.

THIS book, the first of The Savoy Editions, is the first of the limited editions to be published for and distributed by Doubleday, Doran & Co. It has been printed by Richard W. Ellis at The Georgian Press in an edition of 999 copies. It is set in Goudy Italian Old Style type, which shows to better advantage in the short, well-leaded lines of the book than it does in the longer, closer lines of Gulliver.

The illustrations by Valenti Angelo are perhaps more in the style of the type than in that of the story, but as decorations (they appear in color as headbands to the various chapters) they are very effective.

The presswork of the volume leaves something to be desired, and in the copy before me the binding is marred by sheets folded out of register.

WITH respect to these two books, which naturally call for comment on several points, it may be said that they are creditable examples of current American printing. They have a clarity of design which saves them from typographical offense, and in most points they are soundly built. They are certainly worth buying, because as American book prices go, they are not overpriced, and they are suitable for one's library. What they lack, I think, is any particular spark of genius. They are good but not quite distinguished pieces of printing. They do, however, whet one's appetite: the succeeding volumes will be awaited with interest.

R.

A Really Important Book

PRIVATE PRESSES AND THEIR BOOKS. By WILL RANSOM. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1929.

INFORMATION about living and constantly changing activities is as rare as it is necessary, and in no region of book production is information harder to get than in that of private presses. The older presses, such as Kelmscott and Doves and Daniel, have been adequately treated in books readily accessible to any student; furthermore, the facts about them are definitely known. But of the multitude of private and semi-private enterprises sprung up in England and America since 1900 information is difficult to come at because it is buried in poorly indexed trade journals, ephemeral announcements and advertisements, or locked up in the knowledge of those who have established the enterprises. The only recent book treating of English private presses is Tomkinson's work issued by the First Edition Club, in 1928, and reviewed in this column some *time ago. The various volumes devoted to* recent fine printing, showing examples of work, are important, but incomplete as to bibliographical and biographical details. There has been up to now no handbook of reference for students, library workers, and collectors. It is therefore with great pleasure that we welcome Mr. Ransom's excellent manual, and congratulate him and his publisher on the publication of what must for many years to come be an important source of information.

The contents of this volume consist of a series of essays giving in brief historical chapters the story of various outstanding factors in the development of the private presses, from the Daniel Press to the Woolly Whale Press. These chapters are not definitive, but are chiefly pleasant tales of the various men and presses, based on information which must have been most laboriously sought and winnowed, and which, so far as a rather hasty examination discovers, are remarkably accurate and admirably restrained in expression. There is, too, a sober balancing of the importance of the contribution which the various men and presses have made to modern printing, a calmness of statement which it is delightful to find in all the current hubbub about printing. A writer cognizant of the work of the Lee Priory Press or of the books issued by Mr. Daniel, cannot, of course, if he be a real lover of the printed book, rave over Elbert Hubbard's "masterpieces," but there are presses nearer our own time which have had an inordinate amount of praise from ill-informed writers. His judicious appreciation, for instance, of a certain much-lauded Western printer is one evidence of Mr. Ransom's sanity and critical balance.

Pleasant as Mr. Ransom's historical sketches are, and enlightening as they will be to a generation which is only dimly aware of the gods of my younger days, the most important part of the book is his check list of books issued by private presses. It may be said that the author's conception of a "private press" is too loose and inclusive (he goes at some length into the possible definition of that word), but those of us who have occasion to want to know about specific presses will be glad that no narrow point of view was allowed to exclude many presses and printers whose work might, by a less catholic compiler, have been excluded. Take the case of Mr. Rudge. It may be contended that he is primarily a commercial printer, and that his books are as much a commercial affair as those of, say, Harper & Brothers. But this would be to ignore the fact that in idea and execution they belong to the classification of private press books, and their inclusion in this list is fortunate.

In general, Mr. Ransom's list is (probably wisely) limited to presses operating in Great Britain and America, although he does include such enterprises as Mr. Holroyd-Rees's Pegasus Press in Paris, and the Officina Bodoni. No limit as to date has been established: there are included such old-timers as the Daniel Press and W. J. Linton's Appledore Press. And the very latest manifestations of the individually owned press are also listed. I have made no computation of the number of presses listed, but the number runs into scores if not into hundreds. In such a list there must be errors or omissions, but they are surprisingly few so far as I have had time to examine the book. The (American) Strawberry Hill Press does not appear, nor the Bibliographical Press; Mr. A. C. Watkins's Sewanee University Press might have justly had attention, and while Will Bradley's Wayside Press was indeed a public press, certain privately printed books by him, done personally at the Heintzemann Press, could have been listed. But the list

HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

"In its scope and sympathy it is the most generous book that Edith Wharton has yet written."—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

"A grand book, a book that could never have been written except by a great writer."—*Philadelphia Record.* $2.50

Two large printings before publication

The Climax of the Fiction Year

By The Author of "The Children" and "The Age of Innocence"

EDITH WHARTON

THE MAKING OF NEW GERMANY
The Memoirs of Philipp Scheidemann
"Throws light upon the inner workings of the war, the armistice, and peace."—*Philadelphia Ledger.* Illustrated.
Two volumes, boxed, $10.00

LA FAYETTE
By Brand Whitlock
The great biography of the hero of three revolutions.
"Do not miss 'La Fayette.' Buy it if you have to mortgage your home."—*Chicago Daily News.* Illustrated.
Two volumes, boxed, $10.00

MY TROPICAL AIR CASTLE
By Frank M. Chapman
Birds and beasts of the Canal Zone, fascinatingly portrayed by a famous naturalist. Illustrated with drawings and many unusual photographs. $5.00

These Are Appleton Books
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32d Street, New York
At all Booksellers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contains an astonishing number of presses!

Detailed information about the separate issues of each press is of necessity limited. Mr. Ransom's book runs to five hundred closely printed pages, and any attempt to include minute bibliographical data would have made the book unwieldy, and perhaps delayed the publication indefinitely. Sufficient information is given to provide clues for any investigator, and the reader is referred to other sources where necessary. Duplication has been avoided by not reprinting, for instance, lists given in Warde or Tomkinson, but additions to their lists have been printed. The dates when presses were founded and ceased work are given for each entry, and references to further information in Ransom or Tomkinson or other manuals are given under the name of each press in the check list. A very full and well-made index completes the volume.

The volume has been made at the Lakeside Press under the direction of Mr. Ransom, and in many ways it is a very fine example of how to print a reference book. In the first place the paper is stout, smooth and sufficiently thick to be easily fingered. The edges are trimmed, making for easy use—a desideratum strangely ignored by many printers of manuals, especially those dealing with books. The pages carrying the check list very properly have both page numbers and index heads, and the margins are sufficiently wide for the inevitable annotations of errors and additions. The illustrations have been restricted to a few interesting examples: it is a question whether any at all were necessary in such a book.

"Private Presses" is one of the most important bibliographical tools issued in recent years, not less for its contents than for the intelligent way in which it has been compiled and presented. R.

"Gavrilliard"

I HAVE had occasion to review from time to time certain books of high flavor issued by Covici-Friede, and while they have been of considerable interest—even important—because of their contents, the typography has seldom risen above an abortive attempt at "modernism." It is therefore with pleasure that I can speak of "Gabriel, a poem in one song, by Alexander Pushkin, translated by Max Eastman, illustrated by Rockwell Kent." Just how it will escape the ire of church and state I don't know, but one can never tell how those "twin-born vampires" will react to any particular book. The typographic censor, however, will readily write *nihil obstat* to it.

In the first place (save for the colophon, about which I shall say something later), it is a modest book in format, and that is a relief. It is set in large type, but it is not padded, and the binding is in limp sheepskin parchment, which is thoroughly good but unpresuming in appearance. It sells for $10, I believe, but, all considered, is worth it.

The text is set in Goudy Deepdene—a fine type—and printed on Arnold unbleached paper—a very fine paper. There have been 750 copies printed under the direction of S. A. Jacobs.

There are four small pictures by Rockwell Kent in his familiar style: but they are good drawing and good illustration, erotic in that superb manner which only he and Eric Gill seem able to use successfully. They prove the claim that anything can be said if said in a clear and honest way.

The colophon to this little book is really quite absurd—a whole page covered with unnecessary information, and containing a turned letter in the statement that the proofs were read by the designer! Satan certainly *is* a busy fellow.

I despair of ever being able to analyze a book sufficiently to explain why some books are distinctive and others not. But this little volume has quality in the sense that it is a pleasant book to handle and read. Perhaps the extreme excellence of type, paper, and binding are the main reasons—for they are all of the very best; but also perhaps the designer had a happy inspiration when he laid out the book. R.

Farmington Book Shop

Old Books *First Editions*

CATALOGUES ISSUED

FARMINGTON, CONN.

DONN BYRNE

his last and greatest novel

"FIELD OF HONOR is a beautiful love story—Donn Byrne could write no other kind—and it is told with exquisite tenderness."

—BOSTON HERALD

FIELD OF HONOR

At all bookstores—$2.50 THE CENTURY CO.

John Fiske's

Philosophical Works

DARWINISM AND OTHER ESSAYS,
STUDIES IN RELIGION,
EXCURSION OF AN EVOLUTIONIST.
THE UNSEEN WORLD: and Other Essays.
In 4 vols., attractively bound in dark red cloth. Printed in large clear type. Sold in sets only. Published price $10. Our Special Price, the set, postpaid, **$2.98**

Give Books for Christmas

UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
118-120 East 25th St., New York, N. Y.
Est. 1884.
Herbert L. Bowman, Treas. & Mgr.
Send for free catalog.

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AUTOGRAPHS

COLLECTOR OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalgoues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school for college.

BARGAIN OFFERS

SCHULTE'S BARGAINS. Frink's Morbid Fears and Compulsions, 344 pages, $2.00. Pfister's Psychoanalysis in Education, $1.00. Baudoin's Psychoanalysis and Aesthetics, $2.50. Berg's Vitamins, 415 pages, $2.25. Nansen's Hunting and Adventure in the Arctic, illustrated, $2.50. Lamb's Complete Works, Enfield edition, edited Percy Fitzgerald, six volumes, $6.00. Catalogues free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

20% DISCOUNT. BOOK BAZAAR, Box 5, Station Y, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW CATALOGUE of special bargains now ready. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

CATALOGUE OF INTERESTING and desirable books sent free upon request. Second hand and out of print books our specialty. Pelican Book Store, 52 East 8th Street, New York.

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS—known as the largest and most interesting rare and old bookshops—invite all booklovers to inspect their large, richly varied and moderately priced stock. Following catalogues, in course of preparation, will be sent free as issued: No. 48, Remainders, Publishers Overstocks; No. 51, Americana; No. 52, Art; No. 53, Natural History and Sport; No. 54, Library Sets; No. 55, First Editions, Fine Preses and Old Books. Dauber & Pine Bookshops Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street, New York. Open until 10 P. M.

UNEXPURGATED TRANSLATIONS at drastic reductions. Decameron; Rabelais; Droll Stories, Satyricon of Petronius, etc. Renaissance Book Co. (Room 3), 131 West 23rd Street, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF ALL magazines, Magazine excerpts. List free. Salisbury, 78 East 10th St., New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOKBINDING and Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs, Exclusive Best Imported Materials. Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., 240 West 23rd St., New York City.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 to $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

BOOKS BOUGHT

WE WILL BUY YOUR BOOKS. We especially want modern books on Art—Literature—Philosophy. We are prepared to buy entire libraries or miscellaneous books in any quantity, and pay cash. Call, phone or write us at our new store, 265 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., Telephone Nevins 6920. Niel Morrow Ladd Book Co., 25 years of Book Buying Experience.

BOOKS FOR SALE

THE JOSEPH JEFFERSON EDITION of Irving's Works—No. 123. Limited to 250 sets. Good condition. The H. R. Huntting Co., 29 Worthington St., Springfield, Mass.

FIRST EDITIONS

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, has recently issued a new catalogue listing Alcott, Browning, Harris, Howells, Longfellow and Thoreau first editions, as well as important English firsts. Quotations on request.

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPH material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared lists of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York City.

GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, offer a most unusual collection of Modern First Editions and Rare Items. Enquiries solicited.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. We carry a representative stock, including Cabell, Conrad, Hardy, Hearn, Robinson. Grolier Book Shop, 6 Plympton Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

FOREIGN BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low Prices. Catalogues 5 cents (stamps).

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Spanish books and periodicals. Catalogues. Books for the study of all languages. Our experience of over seventy years will serve you. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington, Boston, Mass.

GENERAL

THAT BOOK YOU WANT! We hold 2,000,000 of the best books—new, second-hand, out-of-prints, rare—all subjects. Also Sets of Authors. Catalogues free (25 issued). Outline requirements and interests. Books sent on approval. Foyles, Charing Cross Road, London, England.

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

O'MALLEY BOOKSTORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (57th St.) Large Stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable, expert service. Open evenings.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

"NO MAN LIVING KNOWS MORE about the demands of editors than yourself," *Bob Davis recalls.* "Moreover, you are in a position to encourage the right talent and steer wayward feet in the proper direction." Robert Cortes Holliday, Literary Coach and Author's Agent, *Stillwater,* New Jersey.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY advisor. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers Workshop, Inc., 125 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPTS SHOULD BE sold? This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MANUSCRIPTS constructively criticized; revised; edited; typed. Market service. The Literary Studio, Box 53, The Saturday Review.

STORY IDEAS wanted for photoplays, talking pictures, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING

EXPERT MSS. TYPING—Perfection of detail. Personal service; no assistants. E. S. Pratt, 1531 Edith Street, Berkeley, Calif.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT OF PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RARE BOOKS

PRIVATE PRESS BOOKS—A catalogue of the publications of the English, Continental and American presses for which we are American distributors will be sent upon request. WALTER V. McKEE, Inc., 56 W. 45th Street, New York.

COLLECTED TALES, by Pierre Louys. A new edition, including Twilight of the Nymphs, Woman and Puppet, and two additional stories, complete in one volume. Illustrated in color and black and white by John Austen. Beautifully printed in large type and superb format, $12.50. Circular upon request obtainable from your bookseller or from Argus Books, 333 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

PAUL ELDER & Co., 239 Post St., San Francisco, invite collectors to send for their November, 1929, Catalogue of Rare Books. It comprises the following sections: Famous Presses, First Editions, Great Illustrators, Fine Bindings, Vellum Bulls, Antiquarium, Nature, Costume, Books About Books, Sporting Books, Travels and Voyages, Americana, Californiana, Hawaiiana, Choice Sets and Bargain Sets.

THE FRANK HOLLINGS BOOKSHOP. Choice and interesting items for collectors and booklovers. First editions, fine bindings, private presses, color plate books, etc. Send for catalogue. Great Turnstile, Holborn, London, England.

BOOKS OF TYPOGRAPHICAL interest. New Check list now ready. A. Leland Ziglatzki, 168 Westhersfield Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut.

ROOM FOR RENT

WANT GUEST IN CULTURED, modern home near Phila., less than two hours from N. Y. City. Pleasant, steamheated room overlooking garden and beautiful river; running water. Sunny, sheltered porch. Privacy. Good Table. Service. Piano. $18 week. Ref. exch. Box 56, The Saturday Review.

SCHEDULES OF RATES

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: For twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone BRYant 0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*

Eminent economist, financier, author, raconteur and playboy is tapped by THE INNER SANCTUM.

While the ticker was [*we hope we have our tenses right*] still sputtering forth the fateful news of the Wall Street debacle, *The Inner Sanctum* arranged for an intimate, authoritative and uniquely consoling treatise on the subject by that titan of finance, that prince of play-boys—none other than the KUHN of KUHN, LOEB AND COMPANY, known to his familiars—aye, millions of them—as EDDIE CANTOR.

The book is entitled *Caught Short—A Saga of Wailing Wall Street* and was published last week—officially, on Friday, November 15th, A.C. [after crash].

See your own broker, and stampede once more your own bookseller.

The price of *Caught Short* is one dollar, and *The Inner Sanctum* recommends that you buy it outright, and hold it for the long pull. Put it away and try to forget about it. It is printed with wide margins.

Your correspondents are informed on high authority that the ROCKEFELLERS, father and son, are quietly putting in buying orders for this book at prices which they think represent sound investment values.

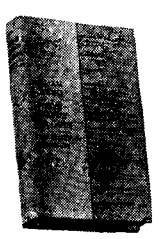
When CHARLEY MITCHELL, president of The National City Bank, was seen walking into J. P. MORGAN'S office with a copy of *Caught Short* in his hands, the market rallied ten points.

Overnight EDDIE CANTOR set all New York talking about the man who had diabetes at 45 and Chrysler at 110 . . . but *Caught Short* teems with extravaganzas and railleries newer and funnier than that—infinitely funnier.

Caught Short is written with the author's heart's blood—or his accountant's red ink. It is a hilarious memoir of the excitements and despairs that have agitated millions of Americans during these frenzied days. To those who have fought, bled and died over the ticker tape, this travesty will be a refuge and a rock, a release for tattered nerves, and a source of soul-shivering merriment. To those who are still in the market, it will prove useful as additional collateral.

What IRVIN COBB did for an appendicitis operation, what MARK TWAIN did for a jumping frog, what BOB BENCHLEY did for the sex-life of an amoeba, EDDIE CANTOR has now done for the rise and fall of the COOLIDGE-MELLON-BABSON Bull Market.

Believe it or not, the contract for *Caught Short* was signed in EDDIE CANTOR'S dressing room at the New Amsterdam Theatre less than ten days ago—while ZIEGFELD'S fairest were *Making Whoopee* all about us. Some publishers get all breaks. A Boston man heard just a few of EDDIE CANTOR'S Wall Street gags that night and—page RIPLEY once more—ordered 500 copies of *Caught Short* on the spot.



The week is overflowing with good news. The first reviews of *Twelve Against the Gods* by WILLIAM BOLITHO are irresistibly quotable. The first re-orders from the book stores are swift and luscious. The glamour of triumph has gathered about the book. A sales department that was melancholy ten days ago is now in raptures—thanks to EDDIE CANTOR, ABBE DIMNET, ROBERT L. RIPLEY, *The Psychology of Happiness* and WILLIAM BOLITHO.

Three days after Publication *Twelve Against the Gods* became a best-seller in the leading book stores of New York. It looks like a BOLITHO-CANTOR Christmas for.

—ESSANDESS.

THE PHOENIX NEST

ONE of the funniest books we have read is "Is Sex Necessary?" by *James Thurber* and *E. B. White*, published by Harper & Brothers. The drawings are swell too, as well as Mr. White's exquisite tribute to Mr. Thurber's art at the end of the book. Altogether, it is one of the silliest books in years, and perfectly lovely. . . .

N. C. Wyeth has illustrated the Odyssey of Homer and we have had the good fortune to obtain one of these books from Houghton Mifflin, without having to detach from ourselves a five-spot for it. The translation used is *George Herbert Palmer's*. Needless to say, the book is most sumptuous. . . .

In January Duffield & Company are bringing out a new edition of "L. M. 8046," *David Wooster King's* diary of the Foreign Legion. Recently the *Illustrated London News* devoted a page and a half to three outstanding books of the Great War. The first two named were "L. M. 8046" and "All Quiet on the Western Front". . . .

The *Art Young* Gallery is at Bethel, Connecticut, sacred to the memory of *P. T. Barnum*. *Jeanne Duval* is the Secretary. The regular edition of Art Young's autobiographic volume, "On My Way," was chosen by the Institute of Graphic Arts as one of the prize illustrated books of its year. Among American artists Art Young possesses one of the most remarkable personalities. He is one of the most genial and companionable souls in the world and also one of the most fearless and scathing lampooners of whatever he considers foolish or evil. Not since the day of Thomas Nast has a style of draughtsmanship been more inimitable or its practice more effective in pillorying social injustice. Young is an old-style American, jovial, independent, thinking for himself. The late Eugene Wood, father of Peggy Wood, the actress, was another of this type. Fine old homelike characters, big-hearted, with backbones as tough as hickory! . . . .

We hear that when *Donald Friede*, of Covici, Friede, Inc., was rejecting a German novel dealing with the same subject as "The Well of Loneliness," he wrote to the German publisher saying, "We have decided to let well enough alone." . . .

There has been a lot of discussion as to who wrote "Ex-Husband," the anonymous book that is the companion piece to the recent "Ex-Wife." Personally we don't care at all. We regard both books as mild forms of exhibitionism. . . .

Harry Kemp has been writing a book about Provincetown and the tip of the Cape entitled "Cape-Enders." It is about the artist colony against a background of fisherfolk. Horace Liveright will publish it in the Spring. . . .

An historico-romantic map of Montana is a feature of the November number of *The Frontier*: A Magazine of the Northwest. If you are interested in Montana you can secure this map in one section from the Circulation Manager of *The Frontier* for one dollar, or, with a year's subscription to *The Frontier*, for two dollars. The small size will be mailed for fifty cents. *The Frontier's* address is The State University of Montana, Missoula, Montana. The map is delightfully illustrated, shows the site of several of *Neihardt's* long western poems, of "Chip of the Flying U," and so on. . . .

From *D. M. Sells*, Esq., Distribution Secretary for America, 19 East 94th Street, this city, comes the information that a new and striking magazine in England is *The Human*, a bi-monthly magazine, created through the Schola Vitae in the process of realizing the Creative Adventure. This is defined as "the begetting of Human Values in the earth, through the knowing and practice of Humanity." *The Human* is now in the second year of its existence. . . .

A final volume of verse by the late *Bliss Carman* is on Dodd, Mead's Fall list. It is called "Sanctuary: Sunshine House Sonnets." It will be published in a limited edition, with an introductory appreciation by *Padraic Colum* and a group of drawings in line by Whitman Bailey. . . .

Among Lippincott autumn books we are glad to see an *Oliver Herford* title, "Excuse it, Please," verse and short pieces. The book includes his verse to *Helen Hayes*, to *Lady Astor*, the "Bluebeard" poem on blue laws, "To a Flea," and "The Telephone Girl's Prayer." . . .

Stuart W. Jackson has now made the first serious attempt to compile a complete bibliography of the *Marquis de la Fayette*. Mr. Jackson is an ardent bibliophile and collector of La Fayette items. He began the bibliography about ten years ago. William Edwin Rudge, 475 Fifth Avenue, will print it for subscribers. . . .

An erstwhile contributor of certain ferocious sonnets to this column, namely *Harvey Carson Grumbine*, has now a new book, "The Web," being published by the Four Seas Company of 470 Stuart Street, Boston, Massachusetts. . . .

We learn from England that *Wyndham Lewis* (not the humorist and Villon man) has been at work for the past five years on a novel which will be called "The Apes of God" and will deal with life in London prior to the General Strike. The Arthur Press will publish it over there. . . .

It will not be until next June that "The Life of King George V," by *Major Kipling* will appear. Macmillan is the publisher. . . .

In London Putnam is bringing out the first collection of *Lord Dunsany's* poems to be published in book form. It will be called "Fifty Poems," there will be a limited edition of 250 numbered copies at 10s 6d net and a Library Edition at 5s net. . . .

"The Goldsmith of Florence, A Book of Great Craftsmen," is a volume brought out by the Macmillan Company which has attracted us greatly. It is by *Katharine Gibson*, the decorations are by *Kalman Kubinyi*, the book is entirely on coated paper, and the many photographs are excellently reproduced. The foreword to the book gives its gist. Here it is in part:

> Every one knows how the knights of long ago glittered in their armor, what pride they took in their swords, how the ladies of the courts of the Middle Ages spent long hours over their beautifully written and painted books. . . . But of the men who labored that such things should be, of the weaver, the illuminator of books, the wood-carver, and the armorer much less is known.

So the list of contents begins with the makers of tapestries, the brothers of the quill, the wood-carver, and the armorer. Part two discusses the craftsmen in the great days of the City of Florence. Part three covers three typical American craftsmen, *Paul Revere*, *I. Kirchmayer*, and *Frank Koralowsky*, the master smith. . . .

Dwight MacDonald and *Geoffrey Hellman*, and two other young Yale graduates, are starting a small magazine, *Black and White*, which will be purely literary—creative and critical. They will publish whatever they think is good stuff, regardless of other considerations. The first number should be out in a month or so. . . .

Hugo Wast writes to his publishers, Longmans, Green and Company, that he is leaving Paris for his winter home in the Argentine Mountains, just out of Cordoba, Province of Santa Fe. The period from December to March, of course, is actually summer there, and he spends the time on his ranch writing in isolation. The manuscript of his latest novel, "The Strength of Lovers," is now in the Longman office. . . .

Recently, contemplating in a book-store the various volumes extant on Sex, *Stephen Vincent Benét*, author of "John Brown's Body," was overheard wearily to remark; "Yes, and I suppose soon they'll have a lot more in the series, 'Sex on a Gun-boat,' 'Sex down the Mississippi,' and 'Sex before Vicksburg.' ". . . .

Speaking of poets, *Robert Frost*, who has recently been in New York, tells us that Vermont, where he is now resident, is inclined to look sceptically upon an author who chose to live in New Hampshire before establishing his Lares and Penates in the sister state. Well, we wish Mr. Frost would take up residence in our city. . . .

We see that Faster Brothers of Boston are advertising a particular Phoenix Bird Mirror. We may possibly buy it for this office. Only we shouldn't want always to be seeing ourself in it. We get awfully tired of our own countenance. . . .

And so—and so—

THE PHOENICIAN.

TEN GREEK PLAYS

TRANSLATED BY
GILBERT MURRAY
AND OTHERS

Here is an excellent new compendium of ten representative plays by the four great Greek dramatists. Seven plays have been translated by Gilbert Murray; three others by Robert Whitelaw, John Hookham Frere, and Sir D. K. Sandford.

Of special interest is a full Introduction by Lane Cooper, sketching the development of Greek drama, and brief notes on each play prepared by the translators and adapted for this volume by H. B. Densmore.

Thus the student and the general reader are provided with some of the finest pieces of Greek literature at the inexpensive price of

$3.15 *postpaid.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW YORK

"ROPATI"
FOUND AN ENCHANTED ISLAND IN THE FAR SOUTH SEAS . . . .
Discarding all sentimentality, he tells the gay, true story of a white man's life on a lotus isle of the primitive Pacific.
By ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE
THE BOOK OF PUKA-PUKA
Illustrated by Mahlon Blaine
Everywhere $3.50 THE CENTURY CO.

This is the book everybody is talking about!
The Famous Doctor Lifts the Curtain on His Life
THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE
By Axel Munthe
An autobiography by a colleague of Pasteur, which offers new and startling proof that truth is stranger than fiction. $3.75.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Ellen Glasgow

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Miss Ellen Glasgow's new novel needs no defense; if it did, a regiment of sharper pens than mine would mobilize at once. But that it should be used as text for Mr. Hervey's complaint of "modern" novelists is too delicious to pass without comment.

Miss Glasgow is "modern," to be sure, and has been so since she published her first novel, in her 'teens, about thirty years ago. Her modernity has consisted always of courageous, unprejudiced thinking, and of growth and progress as years passed. But that the author of "Barren Ground," or "One Man in His Time," or "The Builders," should be condemned as frigid, sneering, pitiless, scornful, and so on, is absurd, nothing more. In her two most recent novels, from a list of eighteen, Miss Glasgow has entered the field of satire, and it is apparent that Mr. Hervey doesn't like satire. Very well; let him turn back to her earlier books: he will find therein romance, realism, and a sympathy that is free from sentimentalism. Only a true Southerner can write of the South without sentimentalism. If "The Romantic Comedians" and "They Stooped to Folly" seem flippant, after that, it is because the reader, unlike Miss Glasgow, hasn't the vitality left for laughter. Pity is all very well, and isn't absent from Miss Glasgow's books, but she has no reverence for supine submission to standards that sacrifice the female to the glory of the male, or to a hypocrisy that "finds it less embarassing to commit adultery than to speak of it."

Hers isn't light laughter. Mr. Hervey is quite right in detecting the undercurrent of tragedy. The tragedy is there, as it always is in true irony. But most ironical of all, such tragedy as Aunt Agatha's was futile and unnecessary, and it is time for a courageous soul to jeer such penalties of "Southern chivalry" out of countenance. Count Keyserling has declared that Virginia has the only true culture of the United States, explaining that the people of no other community stand still long enough to appreciate leisure, beauty, or social intercourse. But it is true that no other section of the country—not even New England—is so hidebound in its prejudices on the subject of women. We call Mr. Hervey's attention to the fact that the author doesn't "sneer" at Milly. Milly is a rebel; she bruises herself sulkily against tradition, but one prophesies that in the end, tradition will be worse bruised than Milly. She has pride, courage, and intelligence; the world needs her type and must eventually make place for her. No, one doesn't pity Milly, but one respects her.

We hold no brief for the synthetic cynicism of so many moderns. Stories of patient love and sacrifice will always hold their place in human hearts. But too much sweetness and light cloys and drugs the mind; wise, ruthless laughter is cleansing and stimulating. For such moderns as Miss Glasgow, let us be grateful.

PHOEBE H. GILKYSON.

Mont Clare, Pennsylvania.

Mountain Climbing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Did not Mr. Huxley's passionate interest in his thesis, "Francis and Grigory," which, as you admit, drove him on to lengths that far outran the space designed for his article, also drive him on to lengths that led him into a passionate inconsistency? Everyone is entitled to his own opinion of St. Francis as of everything else under the sun, and of course one of the significant aspects of the saint's greatness that most interests students of the Middle Ages is the very diversity of the appeal he makes to men and women of all creeds and from all walks in life. Mr. Huxley has unquestionably again struck an original note. I was confident of that before reading his article and since I try to read all that Mr. Huxley writes I sat down with high anticipation to read the essay before me now. Nor was I disappointed. The fact that he seems to have missed the important key to St. Francis's career is neither here nor there; it would be were Mr. Huxley likely to follow Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, or even Mr. Ralph Adams Cram in the attempt to explain to us the Middle Ages. But he won't do that and he tells us why in the only footnote in his article. And I shall not quarrel with him for following Sabatier instead of Goetz. He is right there and does not think it necessary to explain why he ignores Father Cuthbert. Mr. Belloc may have something to say about that. For one reason I am sorry that Mr. Huxley is not going farther into the Middle Ages: I should like to know why he believes that medieval Europe was full of genuine nature fervor. If he had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote that, as some will think when they read the Brother Juniper anecdote that follows, he was nearer right than he thought; if he was sincere I should be interested in his evidence. There is plenty of it, as most of us know who have learned to forget the inference that used to be drawn on this point from the story of St. Bernard walking all day on the shores of the Lake of Geneva without noticing the beauty of the scene. But I doubt if Mr. Huxley will delve far into the Middle Ages, in print at least. It is too much the vogue at present.

So it is not on the score of St. Francis or of the Middle Ages that I find Mr. Huxley so inconsistent that I must write a letter to relieve my mind. I write because of the slur he casts on mountain climbing. He plainly does not know what it is all about. There are, among mountain climbers as also among saints, record-breakers, but any one who knows the true breed of mountain climbers is well aware that the record-breakers are relatively few in numbers even though they be more vociferous than most of the rest will stand for. To say that the Alpine climber's reward for all his labors is to be "happy in that private consciousness of having done something uniquely arduous" is a slander on a class of very gentle, usually very intelligent, and emotionally uncommonly responsive people, whom Mr. Huxley does not in the least comprehend although it is his business to do so. I don't boast of being an Alpine climber since I have climbed only two alps in my life, but I have climbed numerous lesser peaks over a period of many years and nowhere in the world have I met more interesting men and women than on some such ventures. Mr. Huxley says they have "wasted their energies unnecessarily climbing to the tops of mountains." Now, it is a fact that almost everyone who has tried to explain the psychology of the devoted mountain climber has failed. Count Keyserling tried it and gave it up. I know only one man who has succeeded. He says:

> A man misses something by not establishing a participative and living relationship with the non-human world of animals and plants, landscapes and stars and seasons. By failing to be, vicariously, the notself, he fails to be completely himself. There can be no complete integration of the soul without humility towards things as well as a will to subdue them. Those who lack that humility are bad artists in life.

The words are Mr. Huxley's in his article on Francis and Grigory. He has justified us mountain climbers beautifully at the cost of some consistency. More power to him. In the name of many whom I know and admire, of many whom I have often spent a glorious day with, sometimes anonymously, never to see again yet never to forget, I thank him. I wish Mr. Huxley would climb a mountain or two. I regret for him this great loss. I also note that the paragraph immediately succeeding that quoted above in its entirety begins with the words: "They are also bad artists in art"!

EUGENE H. BYRNE.

Madison, Wis.

Frank Harris

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

For many months I have been engaged in gathering material for the first full length study of Frank Harris. For that work I have received the aid of many distinguished people, such as Ernest Newman, Upton Sinclair, Augustus John, Dunsany, and dozens of others; and various American periodicals have given space to my request for material bearing on my subject. I shall be obliged for transcripts of letters from Harris, reports of meetings and conversations with him, impressions of his personality, etc. Of course, I shall keep all communications private and confidential unless otherwise instructed.

ELMER GERTZ

1421 S. St. Louis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

John Howard Payne

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I am preparing a biographical and critical study of John Howard Payne and should be grateful for the opportunity of corresponding with any of your readers who may know of unpublished letters and plays by him.

E. ALLISON GRANT.

23 Arthur Street, Somerville, Mass.

criminologist
psychiatrist
clergyman
scholar
Just Out
the magnetic autobiography of an amazing man

JOHN R. OLIVER
FOUR SQUARE

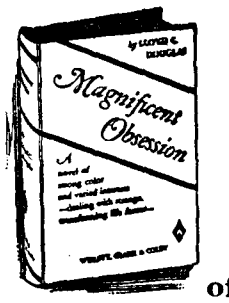
By the author of *Victim and Victor*

The qualities of greatness which led to the Novel Jury's unanimous recommendation of *Victim and Victor* for the Pulitzer Prize inhere in this intensely interesting story of his own varied and active life as Chief Medical Officer to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, Greek student and teacher of the classics, Professor of the History of Medicine, psychiatrist, clergyman, and novelist. He has touched life at many points and his account of those contacts lifts this book to a high place.

At Bookstores $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue, New York

Magnificent Obsession



by Lloyd C. Douglas

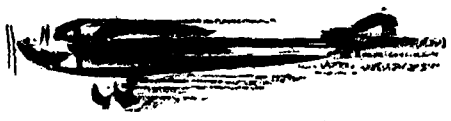
An amazing story

of the discovery of the key to all achievement. Young Merrick found it in an old coded diary. He deciphered it—scoffed at it—tried it—and the golden door of attainment swung open. You will find yourself trying it too. There is color, spirit of adventure, glow of a fine love quest. $2.50.

At your bookstore or from the publishers
CATALOG SENT UPON REQUEST

Willett, Clark & Colby
440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
200 Fifth Ave., New York

"A Great Story of Adventure"



This AVIATION Business

by Ernest Dichman

"The author goes to the root of the business and, bringing matters up to date, supplies us with all the information we need to be able to converse intelligently on aeronautics. There is a glossary that is invaluable to the layman and with the hundreds of illustrations it is a textbook as well as a great story of adventure masquerading as a semi-technical book. It is simple, concise, and altogether interesting."
—*Dayton News*

BRENTANO'S
Publishers, New York

Illustrated
($3.50)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French *is as Easy as this:*

parlez - - - - - - - - par-ley
(*speak*)
bouquet - - - - - - - boo-kay
(*a bunch of flowers*)
beaucoup - - - - - - bow-koo
(*much, many*)
Anglaise - - - - - - Onglaze
(*English*)
mais oui - - - - - - - may we
(*but, yes*)
doux - - - - - - - - - doo
(*sweet*)
l'édifice - - - - - - - laidifees
(*the building*)

NOW, you can add a knowledge of French to the list of accomplishments which makes you the individual you are. You can *easily* acquire a command of a vast fund of conversational French, in your spare time at home. No other attainment of which you may be proud was mastered as quickly as this one may be. Few will be more valuable to you all through life.

If you excell at swimming, at bridge, at riding, driving, tennis or golf; if you play the piano or any other musical instrument; if you are a public speaker or an artist you have spent many days of hard study perfecting yourself. The ability to speak French ranks with the foremost of these accomplishments. French is the most valuable second language in the world. And it can be learned —by the Hugo method—in record time without tedious study.

The few words appearing above illustrate the simple Hugo key to pronounciation. It is impossible to mispronounce a French word if that key is followed. And every other phase of Hugo's FRENCH AT SIGHT is just as clearly and plainly marked, just as easy to master.

The present edition of this short cut to *usable* French is nearly exhausted. It can not be republished at the present low price. The royalty contract giving Doubleday-Doran the American rights to publish and sell 10,000 sets of the Hugo Course soon expires! When the few remaining sets are sold THE PRICE MUST GO UP!

THE PRICE IS GOING *UP!*

Often you have been on the verge of sending for Hugo's *French-At-Sight* on approval! Something has detained you. Now you *must* act! If you mail the coupon *at once* you can still obtain the same twenty-four complete lessons which have taught so many cultured men and women to speak, read, and write French—at the same low price!

Decide about keeping the course later—at your leisure. Only assure yourself this last opportunity to own the course—if you decide that you want to after you have seen it.

Instead of starting to study French in the schoolroom fashion, with rules of grammar and long lists of irregular verbs, the Hugo method enables you practically to *think* in French, to begin to use actual French sentences with the proper pronunciation and the native accent—*from the very first page of lesson one.* Beginning with complete, useful French sentences, you become more and more proficient—scarcely realizing *how,* it is so easy—until you can converse in French, read French letters and books and write the language as well.

Dictionary FREE

This indispensable English-French, French-English dictionary will be given absolutely without charge to everyone who enrolls in the Hugo French-At-Sight course at once. Bound in rich, dark green seal grain, clearly printed on tough, thin paper. Its 623 pages contain 24,000 words.

Complete Course
Sent on Approval Only $9.85!
Pay as You Learn!

At your request—and you need not send a penny with the coupon—we will mail you the complete Hugo course of 24 lessons and the Cestre-Guibillon dictionary for your free examination at your leisure.

Try several lessons; test your progress. At the end of 5 days, if you are entirely satisfied, send us $1.85 as a first payment. If the lessons do not come up to your expectations, return them with the dictionary at our expense. If you keep the lessons, you continue to pay as you learn at $2 each month for 4 successive months—making a total of only $9.85 for the complete course! *Act at once* to be SURE you get your Hugo course at the bargain price. When the present limited supply is exhausted *—the price must be advanced!*

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Inc.
American Representative:
HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE
Dept. F-6611 **Garden City, N. Y.**

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Inc.,
Dept. F-6611, Garden City, N. Y.

You may send me the 24 lessons of Hugo's "French-at-Sight" and the imported French-English Dictionary for 5 days' examination. At the end of that time I will either mail you $1.85, and $2 each month for 4 successive months, or return the lessons and the dictionary to you.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED